

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XV. }

No. 1674.—July 8, 1876.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXXX.

CONTENTS.

I. THE COURSES OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT. By Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	67
II. FOR PITY'S SAKE. By the author of "Robert Holt's Illusion," etc. Conclusion,	<i>Sunday Magazine</i> ,	82
III. JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	89
IV. JANET MASON'S TROUBLES. A Story of Town and Country. Conclusion,	<i>Sunday Magazine</i> ,	99
V. REMARKS ON MODERN WARFARE. By a Military Officer,	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> ,	113
VI. VISIT TO A SPANISH PRISON,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	117
VII. THE "VENUS" OF QUINIPILY,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	122
VIII. POCKET-MONEY,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	126
IX. NORWEGIAN DEEP-SEA EXPLORATIONS,	<i>Academy</i> ,	128
POETRY.		
THE CONSCIENCE AND FUTURE JUDG- MENT,	EPICEDÉ, MOONLIGHT,	66 66
MISCELLANY,		128

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the *Living Age* will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

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THE CONSCIENCE AND FUTURE JUDGMENT.

I SAT alone with my conscience,
 In a place where time had ceased,
 And we talked of my former living
 In the land where the years increased.
 And I felt I should have to answer
 The question it put to me,
 And to face the answer and question
 Throughout an eternity.
 The ghosts of forgotten actions
 Come floating before my sight,
 And things that I thought were dead things
 Were alive with a terrible might.
 And the vision of all my past life
 Was an awful thing to face, —
 Alone with my conscience sitting
 In that solemnly silent place.
 And I thought of a far-away warning,
 Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
 In a land that then was the future,
 But now is the present time.
 And I thought of my former thinking
 Of the judgment-day to be,
 But sitting alone with my conscience
 Seemed judgment enough for me.
 And I wondered if there was a future
 To this land beyond the grave ;
 But no one gave me an answer,
 And no one came to save.
 Then I felt that the future was present,
 And the present would never go by,
 For it was but the thought of my past life
 Grown into eternity.
 Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
 And the vision passed away,
 And I knew the far-away warning
 Was a warning of yesterday, —
 And I pray that I may not forget it,
 In this land before the grave,
 That I may not cry in the future,
 And no one come to save.
 And so I have learnt a lesson
 Which I ought to have known before,
 And which, though I learnt it dreaming,
 I hope to forget no more.
 So I sit alone with my conscience
 In the place where the years increase,
 And I try to remember the future
 In the land where time will cease.
 And I know of the future judgment,
 How dreadful soe'er it be,
 That to sit alone with my conscience
 Will be judgment enough for me.

Spectator.

EPICEDÉ.

(James Lorimer Graham died at Florence, April 30, 1876.)

LIFE may give for love to death
 Little ; what are life's gifts worth
 To the dead wrapt round with earth ?
 Yet from lips of living breath

Sighs or words we are fain to give,
 All that yet, while yet we live,
 Life may give for love to death.

Dead so long before his day,
 Passed out of the Italian sun
 To the dark where all is done,
 Fallen upon the verge of May,
 Here at life's and April's end
 How should song salute my friend
 Dead so long before his day ?

Not a kindlier life or sweeter
 Time, that lights and quenches men,
 Now may quench or light again,
 Mingling with the mystic metre
 Woven of all men's lives with his
 Not a clearer note than this,
 Not a kindlier life or sweeter.

In this heavenliest part of earth
 He that living loved the light,
 Light and song, may rest aright,
 One in death, if strange in birth,
 With the deathless dead that make
 Life the lovelier for their sake
 In this heavenliest part of earth.

Light, and song, and sleep at last —
 Struggling hands and suppliant knees
 Get no goodlier gift than these.
 Song that holds remembrance fast,
 Light that lightens death, attend
 Round their graves who have to friend
 Light, and song, and sleep at last.
 Athenæum. A. C. SWINBURNE.

MOONLIGHT.

THE bluest grey — the greyest blue,
 Where golden gleaming stars are set ;
 A moon whose glorious yellow waves
 Make fair the rippled rivulet.

Night has her curtain over all ;
 The firs show dark against the sky :
 The only sound is in the song
 Of a late nightingale close by.

The wooded walks which seemed so sweet
 Seen in the morning's faery light,
 Now dim and shadowy hold no charm,
 Save the mysterious charm of night.

One swallow stirs, the gold stars fade,
 In the cold sky a chill wind wakes ;
 The grey clouds frighten out the morn,
 And thro' pale mist the new day breaks.

Good morn — good night — which is the best ?
 God grant some day that I may find
 Both true : good morn to joy begun,
 Good night to sorrows left behind.

Sunday Magazine.

D.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE COURSES OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

BY W. E. GLADSTONE.

I HAVE been bold in my title; and, in order to convey a distinct idea, have promised what I cannot do more than most imperfectly perform.

My paper is a paper for the day. We live in a time when the interest in religious thought, or in thought concerning religion, is diffused over an area unusually wide, but also when the aspect of such thought is singularly multiform and confused. It defies all attempts at reduction to an unity, and recalls the Ovidian account of chaos:—

Nulli sua forma manebat,
Obstabatque aliis aliud, quia corpore in uno
Frigida pugnabit calidis, humentia siccis,
Mollia cum duris, sine pondere habentia pon-
dus.*

At every point there start into action multitudes of aimless or erratic forces, crossing and jostling one another, and refusing not only to be governed, but even to be classified. Any attempt to group them, however slightly and however roughly, if not hopeless, is daring; but, as they act upon us all by attraction and repulsion, we are all concerned in knowing what we can of their nature and direction; and an initial effort, however feeble, may lead the way to more comprehensive and accurate performances.

I shall endeavor, therefore, to indicate in a rude manner what seem to be in our day the principal currents of thought concerning religion; and as, in a matter of this kind, the effect can hardly be well considered without the cause, I also hope in a future paper briefly to touch the question, how and why these currents have been put into their present sharp and unordered motion.

The channels in which they mainly run, according to my view, are five. But this Punjab differs from the Punjab known to geography, in that its rivers do not converge, although for certain purposes and between certain points they, or some of them, may run parallel. Neither do they, like Po and his tributaries, sweep from

the hill into the plain to find their rest;* but, for the time at least, the farther they run, they seem to brawl the more.

My rude map will not reach beyond the borders of Christendom. There are those who seem to think that, as of old, wise men will come to us from the East, and give us instruction upon thoughts and things. It will be time enough to examine into these speculations, as to any practical value they may possess, when we shall have been favored with a far clearer view, than we now possess, of the true moral and spiritual interior of the vast regions of the rising sun. We may thus, and then, form some idea of the relations both between their theoretical and their actual religion, and between their beliefs and their personal and social practice; and we may be able in some degree to estimate their capacity for bearing the searching strain of a transition from a stagnant to a vivid and active condition of secular life. At present we seem to be, for the most part, in the dark on these capital questions, and where, as in the case of Islam, we have a few rays of light, the prospect of any help to be drawn from such a quarter is far from encouraging.

Provisionally, then, I set out with the assumption that in handling this question for Christendom, we are touching it at its very heart. The Christian thought, the Christian tradition, the Christian society, are the great, the imperial, thought, tradition, and society of this earth. It is from Christendom outwards that power and influence radiate, not towards it and into it that they flow. There seems to be one point at least on the surface of the earth—namely, among the negro races of West Africa—where Mahometanism gains ground upon Christianity; but that assuredly is not the seat of government from whence will issue the *fiats* of the future, to direct the destinies of mankind.

Yet other remarks I must prefix. One is apologetic, another admonitory. First, I admit that many writers, many minds and characters, such for example as Mr. J. S. Mill, and such as the school of Paulus, and such as many of those now

* Ov. Metam., i. 17.

* Dante, Div. Comm., v. 98.

called Broad Churchmen, will not fall *clean* into any one of the five divisions, but will lie between two, or will range over, and partake the notes of, several. This must happen in all classifications of thought, more or less; and here probably more rather than less, for the distinctions are complex, and the operation difficult. Secondly, my aim is to exhibit principles, as contradistinguished from opinions. Let it not be supposed that these always go together, any more than sons are always like their parents. Principles are, indeed, the fathers of opinions; and they will ultimately be able to assert the parentage by determining the lineaments of the descendants. Men, individually and in series, commonly know their own opinions, but are often ignorant of their own principles. Yet in the long run it is the principles that govern; and the opinions must go to the wall. But this is a work of time, in many cases a work of much time. With some men, nothing less than life suffices for it, and with some life itself is not sufficient. A notable historic instance of the distinction is to be found in those English Puritans of the seventeenth century, who rejected in block the authority of creeds, tests, and formularies. Their opinions were either Calvinistic, or at the least Evangelical. After three or four generations it was found that, retaining the title of Presbyterians, the congregations had as a rule become Unitarian; and yet that they remained in possession of buildings, and other endowments, given by Trinitarian believers. Upon a case of this character arose the well-known suit of Lady Hewley's charity. Sir Lancelot Shadwell, who decided it, knew well that every hair on Lady Hewley's head would have stood on end, had she known what manner of gospel her funds were to be used to support; and he decided that they could only be employed in general conformity with her opinions. Satisfied with a first view of the case, the public applauded the judgment; and it has not been reversed. But the parties in possession of the endowments were not to be dislodged by the artillery of such pleas. They appealed to Parliament. They showed that their

Puritan forefathers had instructed them to discard all intermediate authorities; and to interpret Scripture for themselves, to the best of their ability. It would indeed have been intolerable if those, who taught the rejection of such authority when it was ancient and widely spread, should, in their own persons, have reconstituted it, all recent and raw, as a bond upon conscience. The Unitarians contended that they had obeyed the lessons they were taught, and that it was not their fault if the result of their fidelity was that they differed from their teachers. Parliament dived into the question, which the Bench had only skimmed, and confirmed the title of the parties in possession.

And again. As men may hold different opinions under the shelter of the same principle, so they may have the same opinions while they are governed by principles distinct or opposite. No man was in principle more opposed to the Church of Rome than the late Mr. Henry Drummond. But he expressed in the House of Commons a conception of the eucharistic sacrifice so lofty, as must have satisfied a divine of the Latin Church. Again, the doctrine of transubstantiation was received in the thirteenth century on the authority of a papal council; but it is probable that many of the "Old Catholics," who have renounced the dominion, may still agree in the tenet.

I think it will be found that these remarks will explain the cases already indicated of persons who do not fall into any of the five classes. They are I think, chiefly, either the indolent, who take up at a venture with narrow and fragmentary glimpses of the domain of religious thought, or the lovers of the picturesque, who are governed by exterior color and other superficial signs; or they are writers in a state of transition, who have received the shock which has driven them from their original base, but have not yet found a region suited to restore to them their equilibrium, a fluid of the same specific gravity with themselves.

I take no notice of the system termed Erastian. It can hardly, as far as I see, be called a system of or concerning religious thought at all. Its centre of gravity

is not within the religious precinct. The most violent Ultramontane, the most determined Agnostic, may alike make excellent Erastians, according to the varieties of time and circumstance. If we follow the Erastian idea, it does not matter what God we worship, or how we worship Him, provided we derive both belief and worship from the civil ruler, or hold them subject to his orders. Many most respectable persons have been, or have thought themselves to be, Erastians; but the system, in the developments of which it is capable, is among the most debased ever known to man.

Non regioniam di lui; ma guarda, e passa.

Lastly, it is plain that a chart of religion, such as I am endeavoring to present in outline, has reference to the *Ecclesia docens*, rather than to the *Ecclesia discens*; to the scientific or speculative basis of the respective systems, and the few who deal with it, not to their development in general life and practice, a subject far too difficult and invidious for me to consider.

I may now set out the five main schools or systems, which are constituted as follows. We have:—

- I. Those who accept the papal monarchy: or the Ultramontane school.
- II. Those who, rejecting the papal monarchy, believe in the visibility of the Church: or the Historical school.
- III. Those who, rejecting the papal monarchy and the visibility of the Church, believe in the great central dogmas of the Christian system, the Trinity and the Incarnation. These will here be termed the Protestant Evangelical school.
- IV. Those who, professedly rejecting all known expressions of dogma are nevertheless believers in a moral Governor of the universe, and in a state of probation for mankind, whether annexing or not annexing to this belief any of the particulars of the Christian system, either doctrinal or moral. These, I denominate the Theistic school.
- V. The Negative school. Negative, that is to say, as to thought which can

be called religious in the most usual sense. Under this head I am obliged to place a number of schemes, of which the adherents may resent the collocation. They are so placed on the ground that they agree in denying categorically, or else in declining to recognize or affirm, the reign of a moral Governor or providence, and the existence of a state of discipline or probation. To this aggregate seem to belong—

1. Scepticism.
2. Atheism.
3. Agnosticism.
4. Secularism.
5. (Revived) Paganism.
6. Materialism.
7. Pantheism.
8. Positivism.

I.

Of these five main divisions, the first is much before any one of the others in material extension. Its ostensible numbers may nearly equal those of the second and the third taken together. The fourth and the fifth are made up of votaries who are scattered and isolated; or whose creed is unavowed; or who, if they exist in communities at all, exist only in such minute communities as to be but specks in the general prospect.

The Ultramontane system has also the great advantage for working-purposes of by far the most elastic, the most closely knit, and the most highly centralized organization.

Again, it derives its origin by an unbroken succession from Christ and his apostles. No more imposing title can well be conceived; yet it naturally has no conclusive weight with such as remember or believe that a theistic system, given by the Almighty to our first progenitors, passed, in the classic times, and in like manner, through far more fundamental transformations. It was by a series of insensible deviations, and without the shock of any one revolutionary change, that in a long course of ages, after a pure beginning, there were built up many forms of religion, which, at the period of the Advent, had

come to be in the main both foul and false. The allegation may possibly be made that the traditions, as well as the personal succession, of the Latin Church, are unbroken. But this will of course be denied by those who regard the Council of 1870 as having imported at a stroke a fundamental change into the articles of the Christian faith. To the vast numerical majority, however, the Roman authorities seem to have succeeded in recommending the proposition, and the claim passes popularly current.

This singular system, receiving the Sacred Scriptures, and nominally attaching a high authority to the witness of tradition, holds both in subjection to such construction as may be placed upon them from time to time, either by an assemblage of bishops, together with certain other high functionaries, which derives its authority from the pope, or by the pope himself, when he thinks fit to take upon himself the office. It is true that he is said to take advice; but he is the sole judge what advice he shall ask, and whether he shall follow it. It is true that whatever he promulgates as an article of faith he declares to have been contained in the original revelation; but by his vision alone can the question be determined whether it is there or not. To the common eye it seems as if many articles of Christian belief had at the first been written in invisible ink, and as if the pope alone assumed the office of putting the paper to the fire, and exhibiting these novel antiquities to the gaze of an admiring world. With regard, however, to matters of discipline and government, he is not restrained even by the profession of following antiquity. The Christian community under him is organized like an army, of which each order is in strict subjection to every order that is above it. A thousand bishops are its generals; some two hundred thousand clergy are its subordinate officers; the laity are its proletarians. The auxiliary forces of this great military establishment are the monastic orders. And they differ from the auxiliaries of other armies in that they have a yet stricter discipline, and a more complete dependence on the head, than the ordinary soldiery. Of these four ranks in the hierarchy, two things may be asserted unconditionally: that no rights belong to the laity, and that all right resides in the pope. All other rights but his are provisional only, and are called rights only by way of accommodation, for they are withdrawable at will. The rights of laymen as against priests, of priests as

against bishops, of bishops as against the pope, depend entirely upon his judgment, or his pleasure, whichever he may think fit to call it. To all commands issued by and from him, under this system, with a demand for absolute obedience, an absolute obedience is due.

To the charm of an unbroken continuity, to the majesty of an immense mass, to the energy of a closely serried organization, the system now justly called Papalism or Vaticanism adds another and a more legitimate source of strength. It undeniably contains within itself a large portion of the individual religious life of Christendom. The faith, the hope, the charity, which it was the office of the gospel to engender, flourish within this precinct in the hearts of millions upon millions, who feel little, and know less, of its extreme claims, and of their constantly progressive development. Many beautiful and many noble characters grow up within it. Moreover, the babes and sucklings of the gospel, the poor, the weak, the uninstructed, the simple souls who in tranquil spheres give the heart and will to God, and whose shaded path is not scorched by the burning questions of human thought and life, these persons are probably in the Roman Church by no means worse than they would be under other Christian systems. They swell the mass of the main body; obey the word of command when it reaches them; and they help to supply the resources by which a vast machinery is kept in motion.

Yet once more. The Papal host has reason to congratulate itself on the compliments it receives from its extreme opponents, when they are contrasted with the scorn which those opponents feel for all that lies between. Thus E. von Hartmann, the chief living oracle of German pantheism, says it is with an honorable spirit of consistency (*Consequenz*) that "Catholicism" has, after a long slumber, declared war to the knife against modern culture and the highest acquisitions of the recent mental development;* and he observes that, while he utterly denounces the mummy-like effeteness and religious incapacity of Ultramontanism, still "it ought to feel flattered by my recognizing in it the legitimate champion of historical Christianity, and denoting its measures against modern culture as the last effort of that system at self-preservation."† Accordingly his most severe denunciations

* *Der Selbstversetzung des Christenthums*, p. 15
(Berlin, 1874).

† *Ibid. Vorwort*, p. x.

are reserved for "Liberal Protestantism," on his next neighbour, even as the loudest thunders of the Vatican are issued to proclaim the iniquities of "Liberal Catholics." *

I shall recite more briefly the besetting causes of weakness in the Ultramontane system. These I take to be principally: (1) its hostility to mental freedom at large; (2) its incompatibility with the thought and movement of modern civilization; (3) its pretensions against the State; (4) its pretensions against parental and conjugal rights; (5) its jealousy, abated in some quarters, of the free circulation and use of the Holy Scripture; (6) the *de facto* alienation of the educated mind of the countries in which it prevails; (7) its detrimental effects on the comparative strength and morality of the states in which it has sway; (8) its tendency to sap veracity in the individual mind. If this charge were thought harsh, I could refer for a much stronger statement to the works of the late Mr. Simpson, himself a convert to the Roman system from the English Church.

II.

NEXT in order to the Ultramontane school comes a school which may perhaps best be designated as Historical; because, without holding that all, which has been, has been right, it regards the general consent of Christendom, honestly examined and sufficiently ascertained, as a leading auxiliary to the individual reason in the search for religious truth. To this belong those "Liberal Catholics" who have just been mentioned, and who, unlike the "Old Catholics," remain externally in the Latin communion, bravely and generously hoping against hope, under conditions which must ensure to them a highly uncomfortable existence. Their position appears to be substantially identical with that of a portion of the Protestants of the sixteenth century, who in perfectly good faith believed that they were maintaining the true system of Christianity as attested by Scripture and sacred history, but who had to uphold this as their own conviction in the teeth of the constituted tribunals of the Latin Church. The appeal now made, indeed, is from the Council of the Vatican to a council lawfully conducted; but the right of appeal is denied by the living authority, and appears therefore, now that that authority has given a final utterance

* The latest specimen may be seen in a pastoral of Bishop Bourget, of Montreal, the hero of the remarkable and rather famous Guibord case. Published in the *Montreal Weekly Witness* of Feb. 10, 1876.

on the dogma of infallibility, to rest on the ultimate groundwork of private judgment. The question here, however, is not so much their ecclesiastical position, as their form of religious thought, and their proper place in the general scheme or chart. Few they may be, and isolated they certainly are. But they are essentially in sympathy with many who do not wear the same badge with themselves, in short with all who, rejecting the papal monarchy, adhere to the ancient dogma formulated in the creeds, and who believe that our Lord, and his apostles acting under his authority, founded a society with a promise of visible perpetuity, and with a commission to preach the gospel and administer the sacraments. That gospel is the faith once delivered to the saints; and, while some of these believers would admit the Church may err, they would all agree in holding that she cannot err fatally or finally, and that the pledge of her vitality, if not of her health, is unconditional; unconditional, however, not to any or to every part, but to the whole, as a whole. They would agree that she is divinely kept in the possession of all essential truth. They would agree in accepting those declarations of it, which proceeded, now between twelve and fifteen centuries ago, from her as one united body, acting in lawful councils, which received their final seal from the general acceptance of the faithful. They would recognize no final authority subordinate to that of the united Church; and would plead for a reasonable and free acceptance of that authority on the part of the individual Christian. Or, if these propositions lead us too far into detail, they believe in an historical Church, constitutional rather than despotic, with its faith long ago immutably, and to all appearance adequately, defined; and they are not to be induced by the pretext of development to allow palpable innovations to take their place beside the truths acknowledged through fifty generations.

If to those, who are thus minded, I give the title of historical, it is because they seem to conform to the essential type of Christianity as it was exhibited under the apostolic, the episcopal, and the patriarchal system; and because they do not tamper in practice with that traditional testimony, of which in theory they admit the real validity and weight, and the great utility in conjunction with the appeal of the Church to Holy Scripture.

This, in its essential outlines, is the system which constitutes the scientific basis

of the Eastern or Orthodox Churches. I do not speak of the defects, faults, and abuses, which doubtless abound in them, as in one shape or another they do in every religious body; but of the ultimate grounds which, when put on their defence, they would assume as the warrant of what is essential to their system.

Great, without doubt, is in every case the interval between the written theory and the practice of ecclesiastical bodies. The difference is scarcely less between their authorized doctrine, in the proper sense, which they hold as of obligation, and the developments which that doctrine receives through the unchecked or little checked predominance of the prevailing bias in the works of individual writers, and in the popular tradition. It is with the former only that I have here to do. Inasmuch, however, as few or none of them are judged among us (in my opinion) so superficially and harshly as the Churches of the East, I would observe, on their behalf, that they know nothing of four great conflicts, which more than ever distract the Latin Church as a whole: conflict between the Church and the State; conflict between the Church and the Scripture; conflict between the Church and the family; conflict between the Church and modern culture, science, and civilization.

While the largest numerical following of this scheme of belief is to be found in the Eastern Churches, a recurrence to the outline, by which I have described it, will show that it includes, together with the so-called Liberal Catholics whom the papal court regards as the parasitic vermin of its Church, and the Old Catholics whom it has succeeded in visibly expelling, the classical theology of the English Church. This may be said to form one of its wings. The standard books and the recognized writers, that express the theological mind of Anglicanism, proceed throughout on the assertion, or the assumption, that the Church is a visible society or congregation; and her leaders and episcopal rulers preserved with an un-failing strictness the succession of bishops, at a time, and under circumstances, when the policy of the hour would have recommended their treating it as a matter of indifference. This proposition is by no means weakened by the fact that in most or many cases they made large allowance for the position of the Protestants of the Continent. Their position was then, to a great extent, undefined and provisional, and was capable of being regarded as to a great extent, representing, with respect to

government and order, a case of necessity. The changes made in England during the sixteenth century as to tenets and usages, they treat as having been within the competence of the local Church which accepted them,—used as never having been condemned by a legitimate authority; and they fear lest the general rejection of tradition should really mean contempt of history. These principles are treated by many who view them from an exterior standing-point, for example by Lord Macaulay, as "the crotchetts of the High-Church party." But it is an established fact of history that "the High-Church party" is but another name, rough perhaps, but true, for the influence which has moulded the theology of the English Church, or rather of the Anglican Churches, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth down to the present hour.

Among non-Episcopal Protestants, a small portion of the German divines are perhaps alone in sympathy with the system here described. As a recent, yet not too recent, specimen of this class, I would mention Rothe.* But in other times the description would have included many of the weightiest names of Protestantism, such as Casaubon and Grotius, and, towering even over these, the great Leibnitz.

The strength of this system lies generally, first in its hold upon antiquity, and in the authority and consent of the earlier Christian writers, known as Fathers, every one of whom holds the visibility and teaching-office of the Church, while it is only the wrenching of a word here and there from a very few of their works into forced prominence and isolation, that can bring any one of them so much as upon speaking-terms with the papal monarchy. At this point a distinction must be taken between East and West. Oppression and poverty have thrown the Churches of the East into a defensive attitude, and have of necessity limited the range of learning, and condemned them specially to the evils of stagnation. But their doctrinal continuity is not liable to the challenge which impeaches that of the Roman Church. In old times they appear as Protestant, in the most legitimate and historic sense of the word, against the innovations of the papal supremacy, and of interpolation in the creed of Nice and Constantinople. At the present day, they are the most determined and the most dreaded of the an-

* *Anfänge der Christlichen Kirche.* Wittenberg, 1837.

tagonists to the Vatican Council. In the West, this scheme of religion has rested on learning and weight rather than on numbers and organization. But its respect for history and mental freedom, and the general moderation of its views of ecclesiastical power, had, at any rate down to our own day, sensibly mitigated the violent asperities of the Roman system; and, under an Anglican form, have in some way enabled it to maintain, in recent times even to strengthen, its hold upon a large portion of the most active and the most self-asserting among all the nations of the Old World. Lastly, the scheme has the advantage that it is not the mere profession of a school and a system on paper or in the brain, but is firmly, though variously, incorporated in the authentic documents, and historical traditions, of large ecclesiastical bodies, great limbs of Christendom.

If such be the strength of the second among my five schemes when impartially viewed, it has likewise marks of weakness properly its own. Its adherents, while they teach that Christians ought to be united in the visible organization of the Church, are *de facto* severed one from another, as well as (most of them) from the largest portion of the Christian world. What is still worse, in a merely popular sense—and it is only in the popular sense that I now presume to speak of strength or weakness—is, that it lies essentially in a mean; that it accepts the basis of religious belief in much the same fashion as we have all to accept those of providential guidance and moral duty in practical life. It acknowledges the authority of the Church, but cannot, so to speak, lay its finger on any means whereby that authority can at any given moment be fully and finally exercised. It allows Holy Scripture to be supreme in matters of faith, but it interposes more or less of an interpretative sense, in controverted subjects, between the Divine Word and the individual mind. What men like most in religion is simplicity and directness. But this method does not speak with the directness or simplicity of either of its neighbor systems: whereof one directs inquiries straight to the priest, the bishop, and the pope; and the other promises a private and personal infallibility which is to follow the pious exercise of the mind upon the Divine Word. The same thing happens to them in a great religious crisis, as to the moderate shades of opinion in times of revolutionary excitement. They are apt to disappear like the

Presbyterians before Cromwell, or like Lafayette before the Gironde, which was, in its turn, to give place to the Terror. The most sharply defined propositions are those, which most relieve the understanding by satisfying the emotional part of our nature. Both on this side and on that the stammering lips are silenced; and adherents are individually liable, as experience has shown, to be hustled into the opposite camps, where such propositions are the watchwords of the rival hosts.

III.

THE third to be noticed of the great powers* on the map of religious thought and feeling is that which I have made bold to term the Protestant Evangelical. For the pure and simple name Protestant is now largely and loosely used; sometimes even by men who, themselves believing nothing, nevertheless want countenance for their ends from among those who believe something, and who trust for this to the charm that still invests the early stages of its career, and associates it with a battle manfully fought for freedom against oppression and abuse. To fasten down its sense, the affix "Evangelical" may suffice. The phrase, thus enlarged, comprehends all who, rejecting the papal monarchy, either reject, or at least do not accept, the doctrine of a Catholic Church, visible and historical; and who, without always proceeding to an abstract repudiation of all aid from authority or tradition, are on behalf of human freedom extremely jealous of such aid, and disposed rather to rely on the simple contact of the individual mind with the Divine Word. Such is their negative side. But they adhere to nearly all the great affirmations of the creeds. They believe strongly, if not scientifically, in revelation, inspiration, prophecy; in the dispensation of God manifest in the flesh; in an atoning sacrifice for the sin of the world; in a converting and sanctifying spirit; in short, they accept with fulness, in parts perhaps with crude exaggerations, what are termed the doctrines of grace. It is evident that we have here the very heart of the great

* A remarkable effort has been made to incorporate the idea which I have described as the basis of this third division, in what was known as the Surrey Chapel. It was originally founded for the Rev. Rowland Hill, and now, under the ministry of the Rev. Newman Hall, the congregation is about to migrate to a larger and more stately building. The scheme rests upon a "schedule of doctrines," which excludes the visible Church as an historical institution or polity, but requires dogmatic belief of the character stated in the text; and it does not require, or include, connection with any particular persuasion of professing Christians.

Christian tradition, even if that heart be not encased in the well-knit skeleton of a dogmatic and ecclesiastical system, such as is maintained in principle by the ancient Churches. It is also surely evident to the unprejudiced mind that we have here a true incorporation of Christian belief to some extent in institutions, and to a yet larger extent in life and character. And this scheme may claim without doubt, not less truly than those which have gone before, to be a tree bearing fruit. It has framed large communities. It has formed Christian nations; or at least, has not unformed them. It has sustained an experience of ten generations of men. It may be that it does not generate largely the most refined forms of religion, or much of the very highest spirituality; but he would be a bold man who should attempt to fasten on it any clearly marked and palpable inferiority of moral results as compared with those of other Christian schemes. I do not enter on the disputable question of the claim it would probably advance to a marked superiority. My object is to establish on its behalf that it has to a great extent made good its ground in the world of Christian fact: that it cannot be put out of the way by any expedient or figure of controversy, such as that it is a branch torn from the stem, with a life only derivative and provisional. Open to criticism it is, as may easily be shown; but it is one great factor of the Christian system as it now exists in the world. It is eminently outspoken, and tells of its own weaknesses as freely as of its victories or merits; it rallies millions and scores of millions to its standard; and while it entirely harmonizes with the movement of modern civilization, it exhibits its seal in the work of all works, namely, in uniting the human soul to Christ.

The phrase I have employed would at the period of the Reformation have correctly described, with insignificant exceptions, the Reformed communities of the Continent. Now, in the nineteenth century, I apprehend it can only be considered to represent a party, larger or smaller, in each of those communions: a party, of which the numerical strength is hard to estimate even by conjecture. In the United Kingdom, however, it may claim nearly the entire body of Presbyterians and Nonconformists under their various denominations. Moreover, that section of the Church of England which is termed the Evangelical or Low Church, not now very large, but still active and zealous, seems in great

measure to belong to it. Of the English-speaking population in the New World, that is to say, in the United States and the British Colonies, which may be roughly taken at fifty millions, it may claim perhaps as many as thirty for its own; nor does any portion of the entire group seem to be endowed with greater vigor than this, which has grown up in new soil, and far from the possibly chilling shadow of national establishments of religion.

On its popular and working side, in its pastoral and missionary energy, in the almost unrestrained freedom of its movements, the group is strong. Nor need it suffer greatly from the reproach of severances in outward communion, when it is considered that the particular forms of religious organization are, in its view, matters of comparative indifference, and that the intermixture of ministerial offices, so incongruous and unseemly where enjoined principles draw the line of demarcation, is for its respective sections nothing else than a fostering and cheering sign of brotherly good-will. Its weakness is on the side of thought. This is the form of the Christian idea, which, and which alone, accepts the responsibility of upholding the main part of the dogmatic system of the first ages, but renounces, for fear of ultimate consequences, the immense assistance which its argument on the text and *corpus* of the sacred books derives from the living development, through so many ages, of the Christian system, and the continuous assent of the Church to one and the same faith. It is burdened with the necessities of an exclusive scheme; for it not only denounces as desertion from the faith the abandonment of the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, but likewise, in some of its sections, it interpolates new essentials of its own, such as personal assurance, particular election, final perseverance, and peculiar conceptions respecting the atonement of Christ and the doctrine of justification. In respect of this last, it has often ascribed to faith the character and efficacy of a work, seemingly not even aware that it was thereby cutting from beneath its feet the famous *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiae*. It has a logical difficulty in ridding itself of such excrescences; seeing that the excrescence and that to which it clings grow out of one and the same soil, as they are received upon one and the same warrant, whether it be that of a favorite religious teacher, or of a personal illumination. Most of all, it has very severely suffered from the recent assaults on the *corpus* of Scripture,

which it had received simply as a self-attested volume ; and on its verbal inspiration, a question which has never offered so serious a dilemma to those who are content to take their stand on the ancient constitution of the Church, and to allow its witnessing and teaching office. Grounding itself with rather rigid exclusiveness upon the canon of the Bible, it is obliged to protest against the government and many of the doctrines of the Church at the very epoch when that canon was made up. Its repudiations are so considerable, and so far-reaching, that there remains hardly any adequate standing-ground for the defence of that which it is not less decidedly set upon retaining. It is, therefore, as might be expected, a school poor as yet in the literature of Church history, of dogmatic theology, and of philosophic thought. Its own annals, from the sixteenth century downwards, supply abundant proof of its lying open at many points to the largest disintegration. This disintegration is not, as in the last case, personal and atomic. It is not the mere occasional departure of individual deserters : it is the decrepitude and decadence of organic laws. Even now amidst its many excellences there are signs that danger is at hand. Indeed, were it not for the ground of hope, ever furnished by true piety and zeal, it seems hard to assign any limit to the future range of the destructive principle. Even the evanescence of Calvinistic crudities, once required as the very quintessence of the gospel, may excite misgiving in the minds of friendly though extraneous observers, when they reflect that no higher or other authority, than that which these crudities have enjoyed, is allowed to the highest and most central verities of the ancient creeds.

IV.

WE now pass away by a great stride into the region of Theism. We have quitted the zone, in which all alike adore the name and person of the Messiah ; in which Scripture is supreme ; in which is recognized a supernatural, as well as a providential order ; in which religion is authoritative and obligatory, and based on an objective standard. We have entered a zone in which the subjective instinct, the need or appetite of man for religion, is regarded as its title, and as its measure ; in which, as far as religion is concerned (not, I presume, in other matters), truth is mainly that which a man troweth ; and in which the individual, growing towards maturity, instead of accepting and using

the tradition of his fathers until his adult faculties see ground to question it, is rather warned against such acceptance, as enhancing the difficulties of impartial choice. We are here commonly introduced, at least in theory, to a new mode of training. In things touching his bodily and his intelligent life, the youth is indeed allowed to profit by the vast capital, which has been accumulated by the labor and experience of his race. But, in respect to the world unseen, and to its Author, he must not be imbued with prejudice ; there is no such thing as established or presumptive truth of which he can avail himself ; he is doomed, or counselled, to begin anew. What he attains, as it began with his infancy, so it will die with his death. He inherited from no one, and no one will inherit from him.

In making this transition, I confess to feeling a great change of climate. It is not simply that certain tenets have been dropped. The mental attitude, the method of knowledge, have been changed. Under the three former systems, that method was traditional and continuous : it is here independent, and simply renewable upon a lease to each man for his life.

Such a sketch is, I think, conformable to the theory of modern theism, and such is its goal or final standing-point in practice. But this is not the whole picture. It is time to show its positive side. It recognizes one Almighty Governor of the world ; and, if it has scruples about calling him a person, yet conscious of him as one who will deal with us, and with whom we have to deal, as persons deal with one another. This Almighty Being has placed us under discipline in the world ; and will in some real and effective manner bring it about that the good shall be happy, and that those who do evil shall surely suffer for it. These are truths of the utmost value in themselves. Nay, who shall say that, were the great disease of the moral world less virulent than it is, they would not, of themselves, supply it with a sufficient medicine ? But further, most of the theists have come to be such, not by a rejection of Christianity, but by a declension from it : and in quitting their ancient home, they have carried away with them a portion, sometimes a large portion, of the furniture ; a deep personal reverence for the person of the Saviour, and a warm adhesion to the greater part at least of his moral teaching ; nay, even, as for example in the writings of Mr. Martineau, a devout recognition of its higher spiritual aims.

There may be observed, however, on

the part of this school of teachers, not exclusively but specially, a disposition to recommend their system by associating it with what is called Universalism, or the doctrine that all human, or more properly all created being, however averse and remote it may now be from God, shall at some future time be brought into conformity and consequent felicity. There can be no doubt of the predisposition of very many to fall in with a notion of this kind. It gives the sort of pleasure which we may conceive to attend the removal of a strongly-constructed bit from the mouth of a restive horse. But it propounds a belief; and an affirmative proposition must have for its foundation something more solid than a mere sense of relief. In order that a scheme of this kind may attain to weight and authority, as distinguished from mere popularity, it seems requisite that some effort should be made, I will not say to support it from Scripture or tradition, but to establish for it a place among the recognized principles of natural religion; to sustain it by analogies and presumptions from human experience, and from the observation of life, character, and the scheme of things under which we live. When, by a solid use of the methods of Butler, it shall have been shown that a scheme of this kind takes hold of and fits into the moral government of the world, and the natural working of the human conscience, then indeed some progress will have been made towards obtaining a hearing for its claim to be accounted an article of religion. But till that time comes, it will not perhaps be a source to its advocates of great intellectual or moral strength.

Now, we have no right whatever to impute bad faith to the profession of the Unitarians and others, that they cannot and will not part with the name of Christians; that they are the true professors of a reformed Christianity; and that they have effected with thoroughness and consistency that reduction of it to the form of its original promulgation by its illustrious Teacher, which, in the sixteenth century, others were either too timid, or not enough enlightened, to effect.

Since the time of Belsham, considerable changes seem to have taken place in the scheme of Unitarianism. At the present day it probably includes much variety of religious thought. But I am not aware that it has abandoned the claim to be the best representative of the primitive gospel as it was delivered by Christ himself.

The Jews, who, taken together, are a rather large community, have hitherto be-

lieved themselves the stewards of an unfulfilled redemption. But it seems that a portion at least of them are now disposed to resolve their expected Messiah into a typical personage, prefiguring the blessings of civilization. It may be doubted whether such a modification as is thus indicated would greatly add to the moral force of Judaism, or make its alliance more valuable to the scheme which I am endeavoring to sketch.

Now, since it was the doctrine of the incarnation which gave to love, as a practical power, its place in religion, so we might suppose that, upon the denial of that doctrine, that seraph would unfold its wings and quit the shrine it had so long warmed and blessed. But it is not so. Whatever be the cause, devotion and fervor still abide, possibly it should be said still linger, within this precinct of somewhat chill abstractions. There are within it many men not only irreproachable in life, but excellent; and many who have written both in this country and on the Continent with no less power than earnestness, in defence of the foundations of the belief which they retain. Such are, for example, Professor Frohschammer in Germany and M. Laveleye in Belgium: while in this country, without pretending to exhaust the list, I would pay a debt of honor and respect to Mr. Martineau, Mr. Greg, Dr. Carpenter, and Mr. Jevons. See, for example, Mr. Greg's last edition of "The Creed of Christendom;" Dr. Carpenter's address to the British Association at Bristol; the remarkable chapter with which Mr. Jevons has closed his work on scientific method; and, most recent of all, the powerful productions in which Mr. Martineau has exhibited the "theologic conception" of the great Causal Will, as the "inmost nucleus of dynamic thought."

The truth is, that the school consists not of a nation or tribe, with its promiscuous and often coarse materials, but of select individuals, scattered here and there, and connected by little more than coincident opinion. They are generally men exempt from such temptations as distress entails, and fortified with such restraints as culture can supply. It is not extravagantly charitable to suppose that a portion of them at least may be such as, from a happy moral, as well as mental, constitution, have never felt in themselves the need of the severer and more efficacious control supplied by the doctrines of the Christian Church. In this sense, under the conditions of our human state, goodness itself may be a snare. In any at-

tempt, however, to estimate the system as a system, it must be recollected that the moral standard of individuals is fixed not alone, and sometimes not principally, by their personal convictions, but by the principles, the traditions, and the habits of the society in which they live, and below which it is a point of honor, as well as of duty, not to sink. A religious system is only then truly tested, when it is set to reform and to train, on a territory of its own, great masses of mankind.

Still we should not hastily be led by antagonism of opinion to estimate lightly the influence which a school, limited like this in numbers, may exercise on the future. For, if they are not rulers, they rule those who are. They belong to the class of thinkers and teachers; and it is from within this circle, always, and even in the largest organizations, a narrow one, that go forth the influences which one by one form the minds of men, and in their aggregate determine the course of affairs, the fate of institutions, and the happiness of the human race. What for one I fear is that, contrary to their own intentions, while the aggregate result of the destructive part of their operations may be large, in their positive and constructive teaching, tried on a large scale, they will greatly fail.

It is not their numerical weakness alone which impresses me with the fear that, if once belief were reduced to the dimensions allowed by this class of teachers, its attenuated residue would fall an easy prey to the destroyer. It is partly because the scheme has never been able to endure the test of practice in great communities. The only large monotheism known to historic times is that of Mahomet; and, without wishing to judge that system harshly, I presume that none regard it as competent to fill the vacuum which would be left by the crumbling away of historical Christianity. The general monotheism, which many inquirers, and most Christians, trace in the most primitive times, did not live long enough to stamp even so much as a clear footprint on the ground of history. The monotheism of the Hebrews lived, upon a narrow and secluded area, a fluctuating, chequered life, and apparently owed that life to aids altogether exceptional. The monotheism of the philosophic schools was little more than a declamation and a dream. Let us listen for a moment to Macaulay on the old philosophers:—

God the uncreated, the incomprehensible, the invisible, attracted few worshippers. A philosopher might admire so noble a concep-

tion; but the crowd turned away in disgust from words which presented no image to their minds. It was before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudice of the synagogue, and the doubts of the academy, and the pride of the portico, and the fasces of the lictor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust.*

This system then is dry, abstract, unattractive, without a way to the general heart. And surely there are yet graver and more conclusive reasons why it should, in its sickly revival, add another failure to those which have hitherto marked, and indeed formed, its annals. It is intellectually charged with burdens which it cannot bear. We live, as men, in a labyrinth of problems, and of moral problems, from which there is no escape permitted us. The prevalence of pain and sin, the limitations of free will, approximating sometimes to its virtual extinction, the mysterious laws of interdependence, the indeterminateness for most men of the discipline of life, the cross-purposes that seem at so many points to traverse the dispensations of an Almighty benevolence, can only be encountered by a large, an almost immeasurable, suspense of judgment. Solution for them we have none. But a scheme came eighteen hundred years ago into the world, which is an earnest and harbinger of solution: which has banished from the earth, or frightened into the darkness, many of the foulest monsters that laid waste humanity; which has restored woman to her place in the natural order; which has set up the law of right against the rule of force; which has proclaimed, and in many great particulars enforced, the canon of mutual love; which has opened from within sources of strength for poverty and weakness, and put a bit in the mouth and a bridle on the neck of pride. In a word, this scheme, by mitigating the present pressure of one and all of these tremendous problems, has entitled itself to be heard when it assures us that a day will come in which we shall know as we are known, and when their pressure shall no longer baffle the strong intellects and characters among us, nor drive the weaker even to despair. Meantime no man, save by his own wilful fault, is the worse for the advent of Christ, while at least many are the better. Then, in shedding upon us the substance of so many gifts,

* *Essay on Milton. Essays, i. 22.*

and the earnest of so many more, it has done nothing to aggravate such burdens of the soul as it did not remove. For adventitious, forced, and artificial theories of particular men, times, and places, it cannot be held responsible. Judged by its own authentic and universal documents, it is a remedial, an alleviating scheme. It is a singular puzzle of psychology to comprehend how men can reject its aids, bounteous even if limited, and thus doom themselves to face with crippled resources the whole host of the enemy. For, as theists, they have, to make all the admissions, to do battle with all the objections which appear to lie against the established provision for the government of the world; but they deprive themselves of the invaluable title to appeal either to the benevolent doctrines of historical Christianity, or to the noble, if only partial, results that it has wrought.

But it is now time to set out upon the last stage of our journey.

V.

I NEED not repeat the catalogue of schemes which appear to fall under my fifth and last head, and which have been given on a former page.

It is a social truism that to tell A he is like B in most cases offends him; and to tell B he is like A commonly has the same effect. I fear the classifications thus far attempted may have a similar consequence, and with more reason; for we are bound to think well of our beliefs, but not of our countenances. Still less acceptable may possibly be the bracketing, in which no less than eight systems will now be presented to view. Let me as far as may be anticipate and forego displeasure by stating anew that the principle of classification is negative; and that the common tie of the systems now to be named together is that they do not acknowledge, or leave space for, a personal government and personal Governor of the world, in the sense in which these phrases have recently been defined. Religion, in its popular and usual sense, they seem by a necessity of their systems to renounce; but to say that they all renounce it in its sense of a binding tie to something which is external to themselves, is beyond my proposition, and beyond my intention. Hartmann, in the work I have already referred to, gives us what he thinks a religion, to replace departing Christianity, under the name of pantheism; Strauss offers us the worship of the *Universum* in his "*Alte und Neue*

Glaube;" Comte claims to produce a more perfect apparatus in the religion of humanity. This profession is one which I may be unable to distinguish from an hallucination, but I am far from presuming to pronounce or believe it an imposture. But more than this: in the individual case, it may not be an hallucination at all. To many an ancient Stoic the image of virtue, to many a Peripatetic the constitution and law of his own nature as it had been analyzed and described by Aristotle, may have constituted in a greater or a less degree an object of true reverence and worship, a restraint upon tendencies to evil, an encouragement to endeavors after good, nay, even a consolation in adversity and suffering, and a resource on the approach of death. In many a modern speculator images like these, nay, and systems far less rational than these, may at this moment live and open, or at the worst live without closing, the fountains of good influence. But, as in wines, it is one question what mode of composition will produce a commodity drinkable in the country of origin, and what further provision may be requisite in order that the product may bear a sea voyage without turning into vinegar, so, in the matter of belief, select individuals may subsist on a poor, thin, sodden, and attenuated diet, which would simply starve the multitude. Schemes, then, may suffice for the moral wants of a few intellectual and cultivated men, which cannot be propagated, and cannot be transmitted; which cannot bear the wear and tear of constant re-delivery; which cannot meet the countless and ever-shifting exigencies of our nature taken at large; which cannot do the rough work of the world. The colors, that will endure through the term of a butterfly's existence, would not avail to carry the works of Titian down from generation to generation and century to century. Think of twelve Agnostics, or twelve pantheists, or twelve materialists, setting out from some modern Jerusalem to do the work of the twelve apostles!

But, whatever the systems in question may seem to me to threaten in their eventual results, I desire to avoid even the appearance of charging the professors of them, as such, with mental or moral lawlessness. I am not unmindful of the saying of an eminent Presbyterian, Dr. Norman Macleod, that many an opponent of dogma is nearer to God than many an orthodox believer, or of the words of Laertes on the dead Ophelia and the priest:—

A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.*

I shall not attempt to include in this paper, which has already perhaps exceeded its legitimate boundaries, any incisive sketch of these several systems, or to pass, indeed, greatly beyond the province of a dictionary.

By the Sceptic, I understand one who, under the pressure either of intellectual or of moral difficulties, presented to him in the scheme of revelation and providence, makes that suspense of judgment, in regard to the unseen, universal, which the believer in Christ, or in some form of religion, may admit as partially warrantable; and who consequently, by conviction in part, and in part by habit, allows the influence of the unseen upon his mind to sink to zero. This outline would leave a broad distinction between the sceptic proper, and the questioner who is in good faith and with a practical aim searching for an answer to his questions; though the two may be agreed at the moment in their stopping short of all affirmative conclusions.

By the Atheist I understand the man who not only holds off, like the sceptic, from the affirmative, but who drives himself, or is driven to the negative assertion in regard either to the whole unseen, or to the existence of God.

By the Agnostic, again, is signified one who formulates into a proposition the universal doubt of the sceptic; agreeing with him, in that he declines to predicate the non-existence of the objects of religion, but agreeing with the atheist in so far as that he removes them, by a dogma, from the sphere open and possible to human knowledge, either absolute or practical.

Then comes the Secularist. Him I understand to stop short of the three former schools, in that he does not of necessity assert anything but the positive and exclusive claims of the purposes, the enjoyments, and the needs, presented to us in the world of sight and experience. He does not require in principle even the universal suspense of scepticism; but, putting the two worlds into two scales of value, he finds that the one weighs much, the other either nothing, or nothing that can be appreciated. At the utmost he is like a chemist who, in a testing analysis, after putting into percentages all that he can measure, if he finds something behind so minute as to refuse any

quantitative estimate, calls it by the name of "trace."*

Next of kin to the secularist would be the professor of what I have described as a Revived Paganism. I would rather have termed it Hellenism, were it not that there lives and breathes in the world of fact another Hellenism, with a superior title to the name. This scheme evokes from the distant past what at any rate once was an historical reality, and held through ages the place, and presented to the eye the shell, of a religion, for communities of men who have profoundly marked the records of our race. It may perhaps be called secularism glorified. It asserted, or assumed, not only the exclusive claims of this life, but the all-sufficiency of the life on behalf of which these claims were made. It was plainly a religion for Dives and not for Lazarus; a religion, of which it was a first necessity that the mass of the community should be slaves to do the hard rough work of life, and should be excluded from its scope; and of which it was an undoubted result to make the nominally free woman, as a rule, the virtual slave of the free man. But its great distinction was that it was a reality, and not a simple speculation. It trained men boldly, and completely, in all the organs of the flesh and of the mind, and taught them to live as statesmen, soldiers, citizens, scholars, philosophers, epicures, and sensualists. It had, too, its schisms and its heresies; an Aristophanes with a scheme more masculine, an Alcibiades with one more effeminate. It had likewise a copious phantasmagoria of deities; a hierarchy above, represented in the everyday world by a priesthood without force either social or moral, yet supplying a portion of the grandeur required by the splendid and elaborate art-life of the people, and perhaps still partially serving the purpose of the legislator, by imposing the restraint of terror upon the lower passions of the vulgar. To the masses of men, this system did not absolutely prohibit religion; a religion idolatrous in form, but not on that account wholly without value. To the

* The following paragraph is from the prospectus of a weekly periodical: — "The *Secularist* is an exponent of that philosophy of life termed secularism, which deprecates the old policy of sacrificing the certain welfare of humanity on earth to the merely possible and altogether unknown requirements of a life beyond the grave; which concentrates human attention on the life which now is, instead of upon a dubious life to come; which declares science to be the only available Providence of man; which repudiates groundless faith and accepts the sole guide of reason; and makes conductiveness to human welfare the criterion of right and wrong."

educated life of the free citizen, the prohibition was as complete as it could be made; and the spectacle of that life in the classical age of Greece can hardly be satisfactory to those, who teach that we have, in the inborn craving of the human heart for religion as a part of its necessary sustenance, a guarantee for the conservation of all that is essential to it as a power, and as an instrument of our discipline. This, then, I dismiss as the religion of "the sufficiency of life;" with a debased worship appended to it for the ignorant, but with no religating, no binding power, between the educated man on the one side, and anything beyond the framework of the visible world on the other. Such a scheme as this could not but end in utter selfishness and degeneracy; still we must not forget, how long it takes our wayward and inconsequent race to work out the last results of its principles; and, so long as men were only on the way to moral ruin, there was space and scope for much patriotism, much honor, and even much love.

Materialism finds in matter the base and source of all that is. Perhaps this is properly and strictly a doctrine of philosophy rather than one touching religion. I am too slightly possessed of the real laws and limits of the conception to speak with confidence; but I do not at present see the answer to the following proposition. In our actual world we have presented to us objects and powers simply material; and we have also presented to us objects and powers *including* what is wholly different in fashion and operation from matter. If, then, upon a materialistic basis we can have "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," the works of Aristotle, the "Divina Commedia," "The Imitation of Christ," the Gospels and Epistles, there may in the unseen world possibly be reared, on this same basis, all that theology has taught us. And thus materialism would join hands with orthodoxy. Such may be the scheme from one point of view. In common use, and in what is perhaps the most consistent use, I am afraid the phrase is appropriated by those who desire to express, in a form the most crude and crass, the exclusion of Deity from the world and the mind of man, and from the government of his life; and the eventual descent into matter of all that now idly seems to our eyes to be above it. Such a materialism is the special danger of comfortable and money-making times. The multiplication of the appliances of material and worldly life, and the increased

command of them through the ever-mounting aggregate of wealth in the favored section of society, silently but steadily tend to enfeeble in our minds the sense of dependence, and to efface the kindred sense of sin. On the other hand they are as steadily increasing the avenues of desire, and enhancing the absorbing effect of enjoyment. With this comes the deadening of the higher conception of existence, and the disposition to accept the lower, and the lowest, one.

A candidate in greater favor for the place, which it is supposed Christianity and theism are about to vacate, is Pantheism. Meeting it often in its negative and polemical aspects, I am not so well aware from what source to draw an authentic statement of its positive character. It sins, perhaps, in ambiguity of definition, more than any of the other symbols adopted to designate a scheme of religion. It may be understood to conceive of God as the centre of the system, by will and might, penetrating and pervading all being to its outermost circumference, and imminent in each thing and each organism, in proportion to its constitution, capacity, and end. Or, this moral centre of all life and power may be resolved into the negative centre of the circle in mathematics, the point which hath position but not parts, and whose imagined gravitating power is but a name for the sum of forces not its own, which happen to find at that point their maximum, and which give it accordingly a conventional entity to denote in concentration what exists only in diffusion. In the former of these two senses, I am by no means sure that Dante is not a pantheist. For he thus speaks of the divine will: and by the mouth, too, of a spirit in bliss: —

In la sua volontade è nostra pace :
Ella è quel mare, al qual tutto si muove,
O ch' ella cria, o che natura face.*

In this sense pantheism is, or may be, the highest Christianity. But in the other sense of the phrase, the conception of God is diluted, not enlarged; the visible creation, which is called his robe, is a robe laid upon a lay figure; all by which he indicates a will, all by which he governs, all by which he inspires the awe, reverence, and love that cluster round a person; all that places us in personal relation to him, and makes personal dealings with him possible, is disintegrated and held in solution, and can no more fulfil its

* *Div. Comm., Parad., c. iii.*

proper function than the copper which is dissolved in acid can before precipitation serve the purpose of a die.*

There now remains of this formidable octave only the subject of Comtism or Positivism, or, as it might be called, Humanism. In a general view, it seems to improve upon pantheism, by bringing into the account certain assets, which pantheism does not stoop to notice, namely, the vast roll of the life and experience of the great human past, summed into an unit. In human characters, aggregate or select, it sees, or thinks it sees, a noble picture; in human achievement, a large accumulation of moral and social, as well as material capital: in the one a fit and capable object to move the veneration, and thus mould the moral being of the race; in the other, the means and appliances needful for continued progress in the future career. When this system is viewed from the standing-ground of belief, nothing can redeem it from the charge of that great initial act of destruction, in which it partakes with the seven competitors: yet there is, one would think, much of faith and of chivalry in this constructive effort; and some sympathy will be felt for a gallant endeavor to build up a working substitute for the old belief, and to efface the Ichabod written on the tablets of a deserted shrine.

Several of the schemes, which I have presumed to arrange in this fifth division, are, in the mouths of their more selfish and vulgar professors, mere names to cover the abandonment of all religion; sometimes, perhaps, even of much moral obligation. With regard to the rest, I think it important to dwell upon the observation that they are, from one cause or another, exceptional and not ordinary men — men so conditioned that the relation between belief and life in their case affords no indication whatever of the consequences with which a like state as to belief, becoming widely prevalent, and in a measure permanent, would be followed among the mass of men. They are, for example, *rari nantes*; for though their aggregate number, in the circle of men devoted to intellectual pursuits, may be at this moment large, the number of those whose witness agrees together, who are (so to speak) in any positive sense of the same communion, is small; and small sects of opinion, not em-

boldened by wide and general countenance, do not rapidly develop, even in their own consciousness, the extreme consequences that their schemes would produce in practice. From many motives, good as well as inferior, they are content to breathe the moral atmosphere of the community around them, are governed by its traditions and its fashions, and wear its habiliments, which they oftentimes mistake for the work of their own hands. Again, they are men whose life is absorbed in intellectual pursuits, and who are saved by the high interest of their profession or their function from the mischiefs left to idle hands and idle minds, cursed as these so often are with unbounded means and opportunities of indulgence. Once more: I lately ventured, in this review, to propound an opinion comforting to some, and not offensive, I hope, to any, that in some cases the disposition to undervalue, or retrench, or even abandon the old Christian belief, may be due to a composition happier than the average in the amount or energy of its tendencies to evil, and a consequent insensibility to the real need both of restraining and of renovating powers for the true work of life. While conscious, however, of no disposition to restrict admissions of this kind, but rather willing to enlarge them, I earnestly protest against the inference, in whatever shape, that no other fruits than such as are known to be reaped from the isolated and depressed existence of these schemes would follow upon their general adoption. Let me repeat it: I should as readily admit it to be possible that the life and health of an entire community could be sustained upon a dietary framed on the scale that has sufficed in those very singular cases, occasionally to be met with, of persons who are able to live, and in a manner thrive, on an incredibly small amount of aliment, and who seem already to have passed into an existence half-ethereal.

When dealing with the four first departments of this rude chart of religious thought, I have in each case attempted to indicate some of the special sources of their weakness and of their strength respectively. In regard to the fifth, I postpone any such attempt, as it would lead me into a general consideration of the causes which have recently brought about, and which are still stimulating, a great movement of disintegration in the religious domain. The patience of the reader has been too severely taxed already to allow of my entering on a new field of discussion. I therefore leave for the present

* The various possible senses of pantheism are set out with clearness at the opening of Mr. Hunt's first chapter in his essay on the subject (Longmans, 1866). Of Mr. Hunt's proposition that personality involves limitation (p. 341) I have never yet seen a proof.

as it stands this multitudinous array of dislocated, and to a great extent conflicting, force; sensible that it may wear in some eyes the appearance of an attempt to describe the field, and the eve, of the battle of Armageddon.

From The Sunday Magazine.
FOR PITY'S SAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE following afternoon Lady Ursula drove into Sedgeborough. She had left her son behind, anxious and ill at ease, as she knew, and she herself was far from being happy or at rest.

She had attempted during the forenoon to resume the conversation of the previous day, but the major had not been so communicative as before. The truth was that he had said all he intended to say. He would not describe Jane Francis; he would say nothing of her character, neither of its faults nor its virtues; nor would he even say what fascination there was about her powerful enough to influence so strangely proud a man as himself. He had not refused to answer, but he had answered in the most general way; and his mother had not even a vague idea of the woman whom she had been asked to receive as a daughter. She dared not indulge her imagination. The picture it drew of the druggist's niece was too painful.

On one point only the major had not left her in doubt. The strength and reality of his love had been made apparent to a degree that left no ground for any hope whatever. She knew something of his strength of purpose, of his natural tenacity and immutability, and she had taken these things into consideration from the beginning. The remembrance of them had caused her to refrain from fighting a battle which she must inevitably have lost; yet there was war in her heart, and a tumult of conflicting emotion that made it all but impossible for her to delay her acquaintance with the worst any longer.

I believe that the least emotional people have exceptional passages in their inner lives, passages revealing strange and unsuspected depths of affection. A sudden prospect of loss or change will deepen a liking to tenderest love; where love had

been one finds a yearning and enthusiastic passion in possession.

Once before in the major's life there had been a time when he had aroused his mother's affection for him to a state of abnormal sensitiveness. Years ago it had been; but she remembered it as she drove toward Sedgeborough, and it seemed to her that she could have given him up far more easily in those past years than she would be able to do now. Even had this person at the druggist's shop been a woman after her own heart, there would have been pain and sorrow in the task she was forcing herself to to-day. But she told herself that she did it for her son's sake, and we all know how love strengthens in pain endured for its object.

Lady Ursula left her carriage at the top of the steep little street. There were gaping children about, passers-by stopped and stared as the tall, grand old lady descended with stately step and stiff antique-looking garments. They watched her curiously as she hesitated for a moment in front of the closed druggist's shop. Her servant appeared to be inquiring the way; she dismissed him presently, and then she disappeared slowly down Cross Lane, drawing her shawl closely about her, wrinkling her poor withered old face into all manner of strange and unhappy expressions.

She waited a moment to recover breath before she tapped with her stick at the door on the wooden gallery. It was opened quickly. There was a girl behind it, blue-eyed, smiling, pretty, and of substantial figure. She was dressed in a black cotton dress, irradiated with white clover-leaves; she curtsied, and in answer to Lady Ursula's question as to whether Miss Francis lived there, said in the broadest patois —

"Will ya cum in?"

The poor old lady did go in, with sinking heart and trembling feet. Doubtless this was Jane Francis herself. But the cotton dress, after dusting one of the wooden chairs with her apron and placing it for Lady Ursula, disappeared with another curtsy. There might yet be a little hope; but the bare, dingy, sordid room, without one trace of culture or refinement, did not afford much ground for hopefulness.

Lady Ursula's hearing was not of the quickest. She had hardly been aware of any sound, when she suddenly felt that she was not alone in the room. A pale, elegant little lady stood before her, with mourning dress and white crape collar

and cuffs. She bowed quietly, and then sat down with a graceful ease of manner that put the elder lady's former visions to flight forever. Lady Ursula spoke at once as to an equal. Her prepared speeches, reproachful and appealing, were all forgotten. In her great relief she felt for the first few moments as if she could be almost gracious to the unpretending yet dignified girl, who could hold her own position without flippancy or pertness, and be deferential without sycophancy or obsequiousness.

Of course, her original views of the real facts of the case came back upon her almost immediately. Jane Francis was Jane Francis still. A refined, eloquent face, a cultivated voice, and an almost perfect manner did not for one moment, in Lady Ursula's estimation, outweigh Quan's Yard and the druggist's shop. Still, now that she knew the worst, her common sense told her at once that it was not so bad as to leave any doubt as to the wisdom of making the best of it. There would be a stir in the neighborhood when the truth was known; but the thought of such a stir was in no way appalling to Lady Ursula. Her own grandfather, the fifth Earl of Kilworth, had married an actress of no standing, without losing caste for a moment; and the precedent was not without its influence upon the fate of Jane Francis.

But of all that was passing in Lady Ursula's mind Jane knew nothing. She listened to the harsh, gruff voice, to the abrupt, broken sentences, in which something evidently meant for condolence was being offered. Her nerves were at too great tension for her sorrow to make itself felt as keenly as it had been doing. She hardly heard the words, yet she was relieved when another subject was introduced.

"You are not alone in the house, I think?" Lady Ursula said, speaking with more interest than before.

"No; Martha James, a daughter of one of our neighbors, who was out of place, is to remain with me for the present. I dare say she will stay until I leave Sedgeborough."

"Where are you going?" asked the brusque old lady, with keen eyes, and surprised expression.

"I am going to Switzerland."

Lady Ursula gave one of her peculiar little exclamations. "What are you going to do there?" she asked.

"To stay with some friends."

"Friends! H'm. What kind of friends?"

"Respectable sort of people," said Jane. "They are rather of the Bohemian class, though perhaps on the upper edge of it."

"What's the name of them?"

"Charlewood."

"George Charlewood, who used to live near Guildford, and married Amy Beckworth on twopence-ha'penny a year, and went to live somewhere in the neighborhood of Chillon?"

"Yes; Mr. Charlewood was a friend of my father's."

"Oh, indeed! Do you know that my sister, Lady Margaret Hughes, is staying with them now?"

"Yes; Mrs. Charlewood told me in her last letter."

Another dubious and puzzled little grunt was heard. Lady Ursula was pondering in a dissatisfied way on the curious manner in which society seemed to be mixing itself up in these modern times. It had not been so in her days. Yet she could not but acknowledge that under present circumstances this dangerous elasticity was rather an advantage, if not to her, at least to Jane Francis. Yet even to herself, though perhaps she was hardly conscious of it, there was satisfaction in learning that the future wife of her son was about to visit, on terms of equality, people whom she herself had looked upon as equals. It was of more importance to the descendant of half-a-dozen earls that her daughter-in-law should be "in society," than that she was a woman of wide culture and gentle nature. But Lady Ursula knew very little of Jane's nature yet, though what she did know she was pleased to approve. Old and world-worn as she was, she could not but feel a strange little thrill as she pictured to herself her son lying hurt and unconscious in the road, and this small, fair, red-haired girl acting as his Good Samaritan. Perhaps she had saved his life! Who could tell? Certainly a sense of gratitude mingled with her half-unwilling approval. Her peace of mind had by means returned yet, but it was returning. And there was no need for indulging much present uneasiness or unhappiness. The untoward event could not be consummated for some time yet; and Jane Francis would not be near to trouble her, or remind her, or vex her by prematurely claiming the society of her son. She could afford to take a generous leave, though an affectionate one was, of course, impossible.

"You will be going away from Sedgeborough soon then, I suppose?" she asked, with less *brusquerie* than before.

"Yes, very soon; but I do not know the exact date yet. It depends partly upon the transaction of some legal matters."

"Oh, indeed!"

Lady Ursula had been about to add something more; but the something required an effort, and she paused a while, speaking at last with a shade of very evident reluctance.

"Shall I have the pleasure of seeing you at Duncote before you go?"

It was Jane's turn to pause now. She could hardly help a little flush of gratification, and, slight as it was, it was pleasing to Lady Ursula; and Jane's reply was pleasing likewise.

"Thank you," she said, with her peculiar bright and winning smile, and her straightforward look—"thank you, I should like to come very much, but I am afraid I must deny myself the pleasure. I have reasons yet for preferring that—that my future plans may be as little known as possible. It might cause at least suspicion if it were known that I had been at Duncote. Will you pardon my refusal?"

"Certainly. I think you are acting very wisely."

Lady Ursula went away then, promising to write to her sister, hoping Jane would have a pleasant journey, and giving utterance to civilities that some of the people of her own rank would have received with surprise. It was not until the very last moment that she mentioned the name of her son.

"I suppose I shall hear of you through Edward?" she said, with a sudden softening of glance and voice as she held out her hand.

And Jane could only reply by a look. A tide of crimson color spread over her face, there was a moment of almost painful confusion, and then she was alone. Had she been an effusive woman, she would probably have kissed something that had been touched by Edward's mother.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER Jane's departure, the druggist's shop was re-opened by a smart young man in a green and white checked tie; and the shop had to be dusted and painted to suit the smart young man's ideas. Beyond this, for a whole year, nothing that was noteworthy happened in Sedgeborough.

Nor was there any change at the rectory. Mr. Harcourt preached his four sermons weekly, said evensong daily, visited the schools, his poorer parishioners,

and the workhouse, and trained the choir. It will be seen that he had no time for the indulgence of sentimental sorrows, even if he had any leaning toward sentiment; but no one could suspect him of any such weakness. It is true that there was that quiet in his voice of which I have spoken; and now and then in his sermons, one who knew of that little episode in his life which has been related, could detect certain veins of thought that seemed to rise very naturally out of his unwritten autobiography. Not exactly sad thought; but thought not all brightness. There was acknowledgment, at least, of the need and virtue of resignation; and mention of the life wherein resignation will be no longer needed came far more frequently from his lips than before.

Of course he knew of the happiness that was in store for Jane, nay, that was actually hers now in that far-away Swiss canton; but the knowledge had been given him in confidence, and so far as he knew his sister and nieces were still unacquainted with it. But Mrs. Rushbrooke was beginning to perceive with sorrow that those secret hopes of hers were not destined to fruition. Twice during the year the major had been away from home for a considerable time; and twice on his return there had been floating hints of his engagement to some lady of wealth and rank who was travelling with his mother's sister, Lady Margaret Hughes. He had gone away now for the third time, and Mrs. Rushbrooke had learnt from her maid, Hallett, that some small improvements and alterations had actually been begun at Duncote. There was no question but that some change in the household was contemplated, nor was there much question as to the nature of the change. Yet still the information that Hallett had been able to gain was limited, and Mrs. Rushbrooke decided to go over to Duncote herself. The December days were dull and gloomy, the cold was intense, the rain and the sleet were blinding; still there would be relief in going over to Duncote.

But as there had been difficulties in the way of the maid, so there were difficulties in the way of the mistress. Lady Ursula was in what Mrs. Rushbrooke termed "one of her moods;" in other words, the attempt to extract detailed information had been met with a resolution that no such attempt should be successful.

Mrs. Rushbrooke knew that she might only go so far without forfeiting Lady Ursula's acquaintance forever; and even

acquaintanceship was better than nothing—especially as it was probable that the Duncote of the future would be in every way different from the Duncote of the past. It behoved Mrs. Rushbrooke to be careful, and careful she tried to be, not only in what she said, but also in what she left unsaid.

Yet Lady Ursula was very obtuse. The alterations were alluded to, commented upon, but no gleam of confidence was elicited. Hints were thrown away, conjectures were ignored, assumptions misunderstood. And the time was passing on; the visit had already been unreasonably long, yet Mrs. Rushbrooke was as ignorant as when she came. There was nothing for it but to strike out boldly as she rose to go.

"We are so delighted to hear that Major Falconer is intending to bring a bride home with him," she said, speaking with a kind of nervous vivacity that was sufficiently amusing.

"Thank you," Lady Ursula replied, bowing stiffly. "I will not forget to give my son your kind congratulations."

Mrs. Rushbrooke hesitated, then—almost breathlessly—ventured again,—

"The lady is one of Lord Wynton's daughters, we have understood?"

"Perhaps you should rather say misunderstood," replied Lady Ursula, with a grim, suppressed smile.

"Oh! should I? I beg pardon." And then with eager inquiring eyes and expectant attitude, Mrs. Rushbrooke stopped.

But Lady Ursula took no advantage of the pause, suggestive and full of meaning as it was. A certain wicked little plan was working in her brain; and she was not the woman to spoil it by premature disclosure.

"Well—whoever the lady may be, we shall be charmed to make her acquaintance," Mrs. Rushbrooke said, with irrepressible amiability. And then with many "Good-byes" to dear Lady Ursula, and many more kind messages to the major, she went away. She was annoyed a little, but she did not nurse her annoyance. Her mind was filled with other things. The major's marriage would doubtless be a grand thing for her daughters. There would be something like life at Duncote now, and it should not be her fault if her dear girls were not permitted to share the advantages of it. It was fortunate that she had never really cared much for the major himself—more fortunate still that she had never mentioned those foolish notions of hers to anybody but that girl who

used to live at the druggist's shop. What a good thing it was that she had left the place! Mrs. Rushbrooke could imagine the kind of superior smile there would have been in her eyes if she had ever happened to meet her after the major's marriage. Somebody had said that she had gone to be a nursery-governess in the south of England; but Mrs. Rushbrooke had a private opinion that if her informant had said "nursery-maid" she would have been much nearer the truth. Anyhow, it was a relief to know that she was no longer in Sedgborough.

About a fortnight later Hallett had the supreme satisfaction of disclosing to Mrs. Rushbrooke at least half-a-dozen new and interesting facts. Major Falconer and his bride were expected at Duncote on the twenty-third; there was to be a grand feast for the tenantry and their children at the manor school on St. Stephen's Day, the twenty-sixth; and subscriptions had been made among the farmers' wives and daughters for a gold locket set with rubies and pearls; among the farmers for a set of silver-gilt sugar-sifters; among the servants at the manor for a drawing-room clock. These things, with some more trifling gifts from the schoolchildren, were to be presented at the beginning of the feast; and there was to be dancing at the end of it. The decorations had already been begun. Hallett believed that the children at the school had been allowed to put aside lessons entirely; and were occupied all day making flags, inscriptions, and evergreen wreaths. There had never before been such excitement in the neighborhood of Duncote.

The poor little woman was not quite pleased that she had to learn all this from her maid; but it was not a time for the indulgence of displeasure. She ordered her carriage at once, drove to the manor, and offered her own services and those of her daughters, with such genuine and hearty good-will that even Lady Ursula unbent a little. She would be very glad indeed if Mrs. Rushbrooke and the "dear girls" would kindly superintend what remained to be done in the way of decoration; and she need hardly say that their presence, as well as that of the rector, on the evening of the festivities, would add materially, not only to her own pleasure, but to that of her son and daughter. This Lady Ursula said in her best manner, which was kind and courteous as well as impressive. And Mrs. Rushbrooke went away to undertake gladly and willingly,

for the sake of Major Falconer's bride, the hardest week's work she had ever known.

She was almost as happy during that week as any human being has a right to expect to be in an ordinary way. She was a person of importance at Duncote; the knowledge that such was the case had rapidly spread everywhere; and already she fancied that a new and more respectful element was becoming perceptible in the neighborhood of Sedgeborough. Yet her happiness had its drawbacks. Lady Ursula was suffering from one of her bad attacks of neuralgia, and was obliged to keep her own room till the very day of the arrival. She had sent kind messages to Mrs. Rushbrooke and her daughters, who were at work at the school from daylight to dark; she had begged that they would not fatigue themselves, that they would go up to the manor for rest and refreshment whenever they felt inclined; but she had not once been able to see them. And Mrs. Rushbrooke would rather have had the opportunity of seeing Lady Ursula for half an hour than have received a hundred notes and messages. There were several important points on which she was still in the dark, and darkness that could not be hidden from others without subterfuge and evasion was not at all a pleasant thing. Neither was it pleasant to foresee that her acquaintance with the major's bride must be made, as it were, in public, when all the world, as represented by the tenants and cottagers at Duncote, would be there for the same purpose. This last was a most annoying prospect, and required to be kept out of sight as much as possible.

It was a very happy Christmas-tide at Duncote Manor. Something less than eighteen months of hope and happiness had transformed our poor little chrysalis of a heroine into a bright, sweet woman, with gentle, thoughtful ways, and a winning self-forgetfulness that charmed everybody. Lady Ursula had her reward—all the more welcome because so little anticipated. Her health had been failing, longer and more certainly than any one knew but herself; and to her, weak health was, like any other weakness, something to be ignored, hidden away out of sight. She had claimed no pity, no help, no consideration, because of it; but Jane offered her all these things and more, without waiting for any sign that they were expected. There was something in her half-reverent tenderness of word and look and act that came

to the elder lady as rain comes to the thirsty land; yet she made no show of gratitude. If now and then her heart melted within her, and her eyes shone with a sudden mist, the latent emotion was treated as she would have treated symptoms of faintness, or any other unpleasant ailment. But Jane needed no encouragement by words. She felt, and understood, and was glad.

How should she not be glad? More than her heart's desire had been given to her. The measure had been pressed down and was running over. She looked back upon the years of negation and pain, but not sadly, not bitterly. They had all been needed, and God had sent them. How save for them could she have had any fulness or wideness of capacity for due appreciation of the life that was hers now?

She had a little dreaded these first days at Duncote; but she forgot that she had so dreaded until the day fixed upon for the festivities at the school. Then, when the programme was explained to her, she shrugged her shoulders a little, but to no purpose. The major would have been quite as glad to escape from the intended honors as Jane would have been, but escape was impossible. Lady Margaret Hughes, who had travelled with them from Paris, and was intending to stay at Duncote for a month or two, declared that she should quite enjoy seeing them under torture. The major had better prepare his speeches; and Jane had better retire a while to practise her most fascinating bows and smiles before a looking-glass. Lady Margaret was a little critical about Jane's manner. It was good in its way, but there was not enough of it for a married woman.

Jane's little doubts and reluctancies vanished for the most part toward evening. She had apparently caught something of the spirit that pervaded both the house and the neighborhood. As twilight drew on she could see the lights in the school-room windows twinkling beyond the black masses of trees; the band belonging to the Sedgeborough volunteers passed through the park, playing their loudest; and soon after a shrill drum-and-fife band followed. How good it was of them all! But of course it was for her husband's sake, she said to herself as she went upstairs to dress for dinner. It had been finally arranged that the party from the manor was not to go down to the school until tea was over there. The rector and his sister were superintending the arrange-

ments. The Miss Rushbrookes had nothing to do but sit still and look as expensive and as pretty as they possibly could.

And for once it was conceded that they did look pretty, but then everybody was willing to concede everything that evening. I hardly know how to describe it all. Outside, in the frosty starlight night, there was a tent pitched, and in the tent the music was playing, and lights were swinging, and wreaths of evergreens, with pink paper roses were drooping and hanging in every direction. The men were having something more substantial than tea at the long white tables that were ranged down the middle. There was a smell of roast beef, and the clanking of ale-cups mingled with the music and the laughter. There was a chairman, of course, who proposed the toasts; and the responses might have been heard up at the manor if anybody there had listened.

And if all within the tent was bright, and gay, and merry, what shall we say of the schoolroom? It was in itself a pretty room, new and spacious, with a high-pitched roof and oaken rafters, and illuminated texts in bright colors all round the walls, and over the doors and the fireplace. And it was here that Mrs. Rushbrooke and her daughters, with a crowd of helpers from the hamlet, had spent their busy days. Wreaths of holly and ivy were festooned along the walls, and across the room from side to side. Colored lamps were swinging, gay banners were waving. The window-sills were crowded with greenhouse plants, the pots buried in moss. There were inscriptions in crimson letters on white grounds, bordered with evergreens — "Long life and happiness;" "Lo the twain are joined in one;" "Happy may ye be;" and others of like nature. Some one had lent a piano, and there was a crowd round it, and a couple of violins in the crowd. They were only tuning the violins, to be quite ready when the signal was given. Tea was hardly over yet. The room was full of gay colors and smiles, and clinking china and steam. Mrs. Rushbrooke and her daughters sat in stately chairs near the fire. The rector was everywhere.

There were one or two tremulous moments when everything was quite ready. The rector did the best he could to keep up the hum and chatter of voices, the sound of pleasant laughter. Mrs. Rushbrooke was growing quite friendly with a stout old farmer's wife, who stood near her; and Cecilia and Elinor were growing even pinker and prettier than before.

They had not long to wait. There was a sound of carriage wheels, a clang of music, a roll of drums, a moment of intense, voiceless excitement, and then the crowd round the door gave way, and an avenue was made all along the room to where the table stood with the gifts upon it, and the chairs where Mrs. Rushbrooke and her daughters had been sitting.

They were all three standing now; and if ever there was a moment in their lives when the fault of self-consciousness could not be laid to their charge, I think certainly that must have been the moment. Four persons had entered the room — three of them tall, imposing, and of commanding presence; the fourth fair, fragile, and slight as a child. Yet this childish figure, with her sweeping lavender silk skirts, her white mantle, her small white gauzy bonnet with drooping flowers, was the only one they saw. She was leaning on the major's arm as they came up the room, looking up to his face a little timidly; and he was bending down toward her with a reassuring smile. And behind came his aunt and mother in slower and more stately fashion, stopping to acknowledge the curtsies and congratulations that met them on every side. The rector was the first to offer a welcome to Jane, and I think that was the pleasantest moment of the evening for her. The quiet gladness of his face was a relief she had hardly hoped for. She was only partly aware of the blank amazed looks that were passing between Mrs. Rushbrooke and her daughters. She turned and held out her hand with sweet diffident smiles and half-shy glances, and perceived with something that was almost regret that they did not seem inclined to respond to her desires for friendliness. But she had no time to think of their odd manner. Mr. Wooler, the principal tenant, was preparing to make a speech, Lady Ursula was introducing Mrs. and Miss Wooler, there was a mass of silk and satin, and cotton and muslin, waiting behind to be introduced; and all seemed confusion and smiles, and gay colors, and good wishes, with violin and pianoforte accompaniment. Very few of the people there concerned themselves with the fact that Jane Falconer had been Jane Francis, and had lived for the greater part of her life over the druggist's shop in Sedgeborough. Some of them knew it, and some did not; but to all of them she was Major Falconer's bride, and Lady Ursula's daughter.

Doubtless, her position was an important element, and of value as an aid to her

natural powers of attraction; but it is not probable that her position alone would have won for her such golden opinions as she won from the unfashionable but warm-hearted little assemblage in the schoolroom that evening. She made no effort, she seemed half afraid to make any; but her peculiarly gentle yet dignified manner, her eloquent face, her rare and wonderful smile, had an effect beyond the reach of effort.

I hardly think that anything inherent in Mrs. Falconer herself had much to do with the change in Mrs. Rushbrooke's manner; but there was change, and that of a very decided nature. Perhaps a brief conversation that she had with Lady Ursula had something to do with it. Anyhow, it became patent to everybody before an hour was over that Major Falconer's bride and the rector's sister and nieces were destined to be the best of friends. None joined more loudly in the buzz of admiration that filled the room after the departure of the ladies from the manor. And when the major returned alone to open the dance with Miss Rushbrooke, no one overpowered him so completely with fluent and enthusiastic patronage as her mother.

Major Falconer did not stay long, and Mrs. Rushbrooke's carriage was ordered immediately after his departure. During the drive home the usual order of things was reversed; Mrs. Rushbrooke sat silent; her daughters chattered ceaselessly. This strange thing that had happened had not happened in the pages of a novel — it had come into their own experience, making it doubly strange. Yet nothing beyond a stray comment could be elicited from Mrs. Rushbrooke. She seemed almost paralyzed as she went back over the events of the past two years. She was obliged to believe the thing that she had seen with her own eyes, but she told herself that nothing would ever enable her to understand it. Here, in the present, was Major Falconer's bride, a lady of position, with a lady's means, manners, and appearance. There, in the past, was Jane Francis, poor, of no birth, uneducated, and unknown. I believe it was at this point in her meditations that an erratic gleam of light flashed across her mind. They had arrived at the rectory, and were taking off their wraps in the hall. They were all silent at that moment. Suddenly Mrs. Rushbrooke turned, the lamplight flashing in her face, betraying her compressed mouth, her intense eyes, her perturbed expression.

"I suppose," she began with an emphatic deliberation, and in a voice so changed as to be almost startling, "I suppose Major Falconer *has* proved himself a fool, as he will find to his cost. I suppose he *has* married Jane Francis. But I am quite sure of this — that he has married her **FOR PITY'S SAKE!**"

I have read somewhere to the effect that our wishes are prophetic, that we seldom dream in youth of attaining to heights which we are not competent to win. Has the reader forgotten the dreams that Jane Falconer had while she was yet Jane Francis? Her half-childish, and perhaps wholly unphilosophic house-philosophy? Her fitful but eager —

Dreams of doing good
To good-for-nothing people?

Perhaps I need hardly say that these dreams, and many others that seemed but idle, and were but half indulged, have "proven true." The old manor-house, with its wide oaken chambers, its heavy stone-mullioned windows, its echoing stairs and corridors all hung with fading pictures, and tattered banners, and ghostly armor, seems strangely familiar and congenial to her. There are times when she would not find it difficult to believe that she had dwelt in it in some former state of existence. Mrs. Rushbrooke is perpetually suggesting improvements (?) — new damask here, the removal of too sombre furniture there, and so on; but Jane only smiles, realizing afresh her own great content.

And that other dream, wherein she figured as Lady Bountiful? That, too, has its realization. There is hardly a single house in the hamlet where Jane's face is not as well known as the face of any of its own inmates. The sick, the aged, the very poor, long for her and wait for her as one could imagine the impotent folk must have waited by the pool of Bethesda. And it is her tact, her sympathy, quite as much as her generous gifts that have won for her her place in the hearts of the cottagers. Her great natural reverence, and her humble opinion of herself, constrain her generally to confine her ministrations to things somewhat lower than the highest. And she remembers for her comfort that it was for relieving physical needs and distresses, for meat given to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, shelter to the stranger; for clothes given to the naked, and visits paid to the sick and imprisoned, that the wondering sheep

were called to inherit the kingdom, to sit forever and ever on the right hand of God.

From The Fortnightly Review.
JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.

In his "Life of Reynolds," Northcote tells an interesting story of the great painter. Soon after he came to London he went to a picture-sale. The room was crowded, the business was going on briskly. Suddenly, there was a pause, a flutter at the door, and then the company divided, to make a lane for a great man to approach the auctioneer's rostrum. The great man was Mr. Pope. As he passed up the room he shook hands with the persons nearest him. Reynolds, who was in the second rank, put out his hand, the poet took it, and Sir Joshua used to relate in after-life that this was the only time he saw Mr. Pope, and how much he treasured the memory of that shake of the hand. In the same book, Northcote tells a somewhat similar story of himself. When he was a boy of sixteen, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson came on a visit to Plymouth. It was in 1762. "It was about this time," he says, "that I first saw Sir Joshua. I had seen several of his works which were in Plymouth (for at that time I had never been out of the county), and these pictures filled me with wonder and delight, although I was then very young; insomuch that I remember when Reynolds was pointed out to me at a public meeting, where a great crowd were assembled, I got as near to him as I could from the pressure of the people, to touch the skirt of his coat, which I did with great satisfaction to my mind." It was a genuine case of hero-worship, which lasted throughout Northcote's life. He begins at sixteen with touching the skirts of Sir Joshua's coat; seventy years afterwards, when he is dying of old age, almost his last words are praises of Sir Joshua.

There was a long interval, however, between this first contact with Reynolds and the close association with him which afterwards marked the lives of the two painters. Northcote had to struggle very hard with adverse fortune, narrow means, and restricted opportunities. His father was a watch and clock maker in Market Street, Plymouth Dock. He was poor—so poor indeed, that, as Allan Cunningham relates, it was said by the members of a little club to which he belonged, that

in his supper with them he took his dinner. James, his second son, was born on the 22nd of October, 1746. Even in boyhood he had a liking for painting, but as this taste developed, it was repressed by the elder Northcote, who intended the lad to be his own apprentice. He was a Dissenter, too—a Unitarian—and in those days art did not stand well in the estimation of persons of his class or creed. Besides, he had views of life, and made estimates of character. "My father used to say," Northcote tells us, "that there were people of premature ability who soon ran to seed. He had known several who were very clever at seventeen or eighteen, but who turned out nothing afterwards; at that time of life the effervescence and intoxication of youth did a great deal, but we required to wait till the gaiety and dance of the animal spirits subsided, to see what people really were." Whatever his motive, the old man made Northcote wait. He apprenticed him to the watch-making, and allowed him to paint only in the evening and morning hours of leisure. Northcote submitted, and persevered. He served out his term of apprenticeship, and continued to work at his father's business until he was twenty-four years old—painting, meanwhile, as much as he could; confining himself chiefly to portraits, and studies of animals.

In 1771 his chance came to him. His portraits were talked about in Plymouth; people spoke of him as a prodigy; and then Dr. Mudge, the friend of Reynolds and of Johnson, encouraged him to go to London to see Sir Joshua, giving him a letter of introduction for that purpose. Northcote went at once. It is said that he walked the whole distance from Plymouth to London; and it would seem that at first he made little progress in his great desire. Reynolds shook his head at the crude performances of the young man, and Northcote had to seek employment—that of coloring prints of flowers at a shilling a sheet—to get bread. He was persevering, and did it, contriving to improve his knowledge of art at the same time, until Reynolds, struck with his determination, took him as a pupil and assistant, not only into his studio, but as a resident in his house.

It was in the year 1771 [says Northcote in his "Life of Reynolds"] that I was first placed under the tuition of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom I was introduced and strongly recommended by my good and much respected friend, Dr. John Mudge. I feel it next to impossible to express the pleasure I received in

breathing, if it may be so said, in an atmosphere of art; and as from the earliest period of my being able to make any observation, I had conceived him to be the greatest painter that ever lived, it may be conjectured what I felt when I found myself in his house as his scholar.

It was a good house to be in: a house in which there was the best art and the best company — Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Garrick; the wits and the poets, politicians and painters, rank and fashion, and, above all, Sir Joshua himself, sovereign in art, polished in manners, capable of holding his ground alike with men of fashion and men of letters.

Here Northcote remained for five years, treated, he tells us, quite as one of the family. Sir Joshua appreciated his earnestness and industry, encouraged his studies, both at home and in the schools of the Academy, and relished his sharp outspoken comments and retorts. In his "Century of Painters" Mr. Redgrave says that Northcote, in his apprenticeship to Reynolds, "had full opportunity of acquiring the technical knowledge he must have so greatly needed. He stood beside Reynolds before his easel, he enjoyed free converse with him, he saw his works in all stages, he assisted in their progress, laying in draperies, painting backgrounds and accessories, and forwarding the numerous duplicates and copies required of such a master, and he shared the usual means of advancement and study enjoyed by Reynolds's pupils; at the same time he did not neglect the essential study of the figure at the Royal Academy." Northcote himself, in the "Life of Reynolds" and in his "Conversations," gives a somewhat different account. He worked with Reynolds, no doubt, and derived benefit from the association; but he complains that Sir Joshua was a bad master, that he taught him nothing directly, would not allow him to use any but the commonest preparations, and locked up his own colors. "He would not suffer me," Northcote says, "during the whole time I resided in his house, to make use of any other materials than the common preparations of color, just as we have them from the hands of the colorman; and all varnishes, and every kind of experiment, were strictly prohibited. Likewise, all his own preparations of color were most carefully concealed from my sight and knowledge, and perpetually locked secure in his drawers, thus never to be seen or known by any one but himself." Sometimes, however, Reynolds gave him a sharp lesson in

practice. "It was very provoking," Northcote writes, "after I had been for hours laboring on the drapery of one of his portraits, from a lay figure, to see him, with a few masterly sweeps of his brush, destroy nearly all my work, and turn it into something much finer," and yet, he adds, with a touch of pride, "but for my work it would not have been what it was." Copying pictures, though unquestionably useful to him, Northcote detested. "It is," he says, "like plain work among women; it is what anybody can do, and therefore nothing but a bare living is to be got from it." Occasionally he tried to argue with Reynolds, and got put down. Criticising some directions as to color, given by a visitor, Sir Joshua replied, "He is a sensible man, but an indifferent colorist. There is not a man on earth who has the least notion of coloring: we all of us have it equally to seek for and find out, as at present it is totally lost to the art." Notwithstanding this rebuff, Northcote ventured to advise Reynolds himself: —

I once humbly endeavored to persuade Sir Joshua to abandon those fleeting colors, lake and carmine, which it was his practice to use in painting the flesh, and to adopt vermillion in their stead, as infinitely more durable, although perhaps not so exactly true to nature as the former; I remember he looked on his hand, and said, "I can see no vermillion in flesh." I replied, "But did not Sir Godfrey Kneller always use vermillion in his flesh color?" Sir Joshua answered rather sharply, "What signifies what a man uses, who could not color? You may use it if you will."

Of Northcote's imitative art, Sir Joshua had a high opinion. Northcote painted a portrait of one of the maid-servants. The likeness was recognized by a macaw belonging to Sir Joshua; the bird disliked the woman, and flew right at the face of the portrait, and tried to bite it. Failing here, he struck at the hand. The experiment was often repeated for the amusement of visitors. Of his own work at that time, Northcote had not formed a very high estimate. Many years afterwards he told Hazlitt how keenly he noted the failures of other pupils in the Academy: —

The glaring defects of such works almost disgusted me with the profession. Is this, I said, what the art is made up of? How do I know that my own productions may not appear in the same light to others? Nothing gave me the horrors so much as passing the old battered portraits at the doors of brokers' shops, with the morning sun shining full upon them. I was generally inclined to prolong my walk, and put off painting for that day;

but the sight of a fine picture had a contrary effect, and I went back and set to work with rebouled ardor.

The direct connection between Reynolds and Northcote ended in 1775, when Northcote was twenty-nine years old. They parted on good terms, Reynolds saying that Northcote had been very useful to him, more so than any other scholar that had ever been with him, and adding, "I hope we shall assist each other as long as we live." Northcote now went back to Plymouth for a time, and painted portraits until he had made enough money to fulfil his purpose—that of going to Italy to study the great masters—to steal from them, as he afterwards described the process. He spent three years in Italy, not knowing a word of the language, or indeed of any language but his own. This proved no hindrance. He said to Hazlitt, speaking of this journey, "There may be sin in Rome, as in all great capitals, but in Parma, and the remoter towns, they seem all one family. Their kindness to strangers is great. I travelled from Lyons to Genoa, and from Genoa to Rome, without speaking a word of the language, and in the power of a single person, without meeting with the smallest indignity; everywhere, both in inns and on the road, every attention was paid to my feelings, and pains taken to make me comfortable." In the "Conversations" Hazlitt sums up Northcote's impressions of this period:—

He spoke of his journey to Italy, of the beauty of the climate, of the manners of the people, of the imposing effect of the Roman Catholic religion, of its favorableness to the fine arts, of the churches full of pictures, of the manner in which he passed his time, studying and looking into all the rooms in the Vatican. He had no fault to find with Italy, and no wish to leave it. Gracious and sweet was all he saw in her. As he talked (this was when he was an old man of eighty) he looked as if he saw the different objects pass before him, and his eye glistened with familiar recollections. He said, "Raffaelle did not scorn to look out of himself, or to be beholden to others; he took whole figures from Masaccio to enrich his designs, because all he wanted was to advance the art, and to ennoble human nature." "Everything at Rome," he said, "is like a picture, is calculated for show. I remember walking through one of the by-streets near the Vatican, where I met some procession in which the pope was; and all at once I saw a number of the most beautiful Arabian horses curveting and throwing out their long tails like a vision, or part of a romance. All our pageants are Bartholomew Fair exhibitions compared with what you see at Rome. And then, to see the pope give the benediction at

St. Peter's, raising himself up, and spreading out his hands in the form of a cross, with an energy and dignity as if he was giving a blessing to the whole world!"

Raffaelle, Titian, and Michael Angelo—the last-named especially—were the great objects of attraction to him. He told Reynolds, on his return, "For once that I went to look at Raffaelle, I went twice to look at Michael." He made good use of those studies. You must use the great masters, not imitate them: that was his conclusion. It is easy, he says, to imitate one of the old masters, but repetitions are useless.

If you want to last, you must invent something. To do otherwise is only pouring liquor from one vessel into another; that becomes staler every time. We are tired of the antique; the world wants something new, and will have it; no matter whether it be better or worse, if there is but an infusion of new life and spirit, it will go down to posterity. There is Michael Angelo, how utterly different from the antique, and in some things how superior! There is his statue of Cosmo de Medici leaning on his hand, in the chapel of San Lorenzo, at Florence. I declare it has that look of reality in it, that it almost terrifies one to be near it. Is it not the same with Titian, Correggio, and Raffaelle? These painters did not imitate one another, but were as unlike as possible, and yet were all excellent. Originality is neither caprice nor affectation. It is an excellence that is always to be found in nature, but has never had a place in art before.

Northcote, as this passage shows, was a sound critic. He could also describe a fine picture so as to bring it bodily before us. Speaking of Titian, he said to Hazlitt:—

There is that fine one which you have heard me speak of—Paul the Third, and his two natural sons, or nephews, as they are called. My God! what a look it has. The old man is sitting in his chair, and looking up to one of the sons, with his hands grasping the armchair with his long spider fingers, and seems to say, as plain as words can speak, "You wretch, what do you want now?" while the young fellow is advancing with a humble, hypocritical air. It is true history, and indeed it turned out so, for the son (or nephew) was afterwards thrown out of the palace windows by the mob, and torn to pieces by them.

Here is another criticism, on Velasquez.

When a work seems stamped on the canvas by a blow, you are taken by surprise, and your admiration is as instantaneous and electrical as the impulse of genius which has caused it. I have seen a whole-length portrait by Velas-

quez, that seemed done while the colors were yet wet ; everything was touched in, as it were, by a wish ; there was such a power, that it thrilled through your whole frame, and you felt as if you could take up the brush and do anything.

A criticism of Titian's portraits is worth recalling. Hazlitt gives it in the "Conversations."

He mentioned his going with Prince Hoare and Day to take leave of some fine portraits by Titian, that hung in a dark corner of a gallery at Naples, and as Day looked at them for the last time, with tears in his eyes, he said, "Ah ! he was a fine old *mouser*." I said I had repeated this expression (which I had heard him allude to before), somewhere in writing, and was surprised that people did not know what to make of it. Northcote said, "Why that is exactly what I should have thought. There is the difference between writing and speaking. In writing you address the average quantity of sense or information in the world ; in speaking, you pick your audience, or at least know what they are prepared for, or else previously explain what you think necessary. *You* understand the epithet, because you have seen a great number of Titian's pictures, and know that cat-like, watchful, penetrating look he gives to all his faces, which nothing else expresses, perhaps, so well as the phrase Day made use of ; but the world in general knows nothing of this ; all they know or believe is, that Titian is a great painter, like Raffaele or any other famous person.

Some painters are as little impressed as the world in general, by the glories of Italian art. Romney and Edwards were in Italy, and went to the Sistine Chapel. Edwards, Northcote says, "turned on his heel and exclaimed, 'Egad, George, we're *bit* !'"

While Northcote gained inconceivably in art by his Italian journey, he lost little or nothing in purse. He was very thrifty. Allan Cunningham, in his "Lives of the Painters," sketches his way of living when abroad.

I have heard that as necessity and nature united in making him economical, he lived meanly ; associated with none who were likely to lead him into expenses ; and as he copied for dealers or travellers a number of the favorite works of the Italian masters, he improved his skill of hand, and rather increased than diminished the sum with which he started from England. Common apartments, common clothes, and common food sufficed for one who was too proud to ask aid from any source, and who had resolved to be independent.

His powers as an artist were recognized, however, by others than dealers. The

Italian artists elected him a member of the academies of Florence, Cortona, and Rome. Thus fortified in mind, reputation, and purse, Northcote returned to England, and settled for a time in Devonshire, but removed in 1781 to London, where he took a house in Old Bond Street, with the resolution of combining portraiture and historical painting, making the money earned by the one provide leisure for the other.

He met with discouragement at the beginning of his career. Reynolds told him, half playfully, that there was not much chance. "Ah ! my dear sir, you may go back ; there is a wondrous Cornishman who is carrying all before him." This was Opie, lately come to London, under the auspices of Dr. Wolcot, best known as Peter Pindar. "What is he like ?" asked Northcote. "Like ? why like Caravaggio and Velasquez in one." Northcote was a prudent man ; he resolved to be on friendly terms with the Cornish wonder, and friends they became, though they were commonly considered rivals in painting. Mrs. Opie's letters bear testimony to Northcote's intimacy with her husband. She quotes, with manifest satisfaction, Northcote's observation, that "while other artists painted to live, Opie lived to paint." Speaking to Hazlitt of Opie, Northcote said, "You did not know Opie. You would have admired him greatly. I do not speak of him as an artist, but as a man of sense and observation. He paid me the compliment of saying that we should have been the best friends in the world if we had not been rivals. I think he had more of this feeling than I had ; perhaps because I had most vanity." Northcote, however, had the feeling of rivalry pretty strongly. In 1787 Opie and he were elected full members of the Academy. Northcote exhibited his picture — perhaps his best work — "Wat Tyler," now in the Guildhall. Opie exhibited his chief work, "The Murder of Rizzio," now also in the Guildhall. While the works were in progress, Northcote went to see Opie's picture. He found it better and more advanced than his own.

When I returned to my painting-room, I took up my palette and pencils with an inveterate determination to do something that should raise me a name ; but my inspiration was only a momentary dream. The ghost of that picture stood between me and my blank canvas. I could see nothing but the murderers of Rizzio. I felt I could have rejoiced if they had seized the painter and murdered him instead. Yes, I could. This dwelt upon my

fancy until I laughed at the conceit, for, thought I, then there had been a meddling fiddler and rival painter despatched at the same expense; and if all the fiddlers and painters were smothered, for aught I know they might well be spared. I dreamed of the picture whilst wide awake, and I dreamed of the picture when fast asleep. How could I help it? There was a passage in the composition wherein the torches — for the scene was represented, as 'ee may remember, by torch-light, and it was the finest trait of effect that ever proceeded from mortal hand. I still dwelt upon it in my mind's eye, in sheer despair. To attempt anything so original, so gloriously fine, I might as well have set about creating another world. I should have died, but for a fortuitous circumstance. I called again to see the hated picter. "Well, my dear friend," asked Hazlitt, "and how did you feel?" "How did I feel? Gude God! I would not have had Opie know what was passing in my mind for all the world; no, not even to have been the author of the picture. Judge, if 'ee can, what I felt. Why, some wretch, some demon had persuaded him to alter the whole structure of the piece. He had adopted the fatal advice, had destroyed the glory of the art, and ruined — yes, to my solace — irrecoverably ruined the piece.

Candid, this; but Northcote was candid. When Opie died, in 1807, they feared to tell Northcote, lest he should be too greatly shocked. There need have been no such alarm. "Well, well," he said, "it's a very sad event; but I must confess it takes a great stumbling-block out of my way, for I never could succeed where Opie did."

In this endeavor to sketch the character of Northcote it is needless to dwell at length upon his pictures. It is said that he painted altogether about two thousand works — portraits, historical, and scriptural pieces, subjects from home life, and studies of animals, in the last of which he excelled. The best-known of his larger works are the gallery pictures painted for Alderman Boydell. The engravings afford sufficient means to judge of them. They are powerful in parts, but are exaggerated in attitude, and generally too careless in composition, and, like all other works of that period, utterly deficient of propriety in costume and other accessories. He was thinking of Michael Angelo, and aiming at the grand style; but the grand style proved too large for him — it needed the hand of a great master.

The man himself, however, is a more interesting study than his works. He lived so long and his life covered so great a period — from 1746 to 1831 — that he became a sort of institution, a depositary

of art traditions, professional and personal, of the most varied and amusing kind. These he loved to narrate in his own dry, cynical way, for he was an admirable talker. In person he was very short, in dress very careless — his trousers were commonly too long, and his shoes too large, — and in habits penurious to miserliness. By saving, and pinching, and screwing, he accumulated more than £40,000 — a large fortune in days when prices were so much lower than they are now. One of Fuseli's sarcasms points this phase in his character. Somebody said that Northcote was going to keep a dog. "Northcote keep a dog!" exclaimed Fuseli; "why, what will he feed him on? He will have to eat his own fleas!" Something had occurred at the Academy to gratify Northcote: "Now," said Fuseli, "he will go home, put more coals on the fire, and almost draw the cork of his only pint of wine." When the exhibition of old masters was begun at the British Institution, a scurrilous publication, called "The Catalogue Raisonnée," was issued; it was presumed in the interests of the Academy. Haydon writes, as a departure from Northcote's ordinary habits, that he "ordered a *long* candle, and went to bed to read it in ecstasy." Notwithstanding his niggardliness and his biting sarcasm, Northcote's studio was for many years a common resort. "About eleven o'clock" (I quote Mr. Redgrave), "unless he had a sitter, a sort of *levée* commenced. It seldom happened that he remained long alone — one succeeded another, occasionally three or four at a time; and he talked over his work till his dinner-hour, freely discussing any subject which arose, with great sagacity, acuteness, and information, and always maintaining his own opinions."

Haydon in his autobiography mentions Northcote more than once. This is an entry in 1807: —

On the day the exhibition opened, we all dined with Hoppner, who hated Northcote, who in his turn hated Hoppner. We talked of art, and after dinner Hoppner said, "I can fancy a man fond of his art who painted like Reynolds; but how a man can be fond of art who paints like that fellow Northcote, Heaven only knows."

In 1821, in a sketch of the sale of Reynolds's pictures, Haydon again introduces Northcote. The former had induced Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Phillips to buy Reynolds's "Piping Shepherd" for four hundred guineas, then a very large price.

The purchase [he says] made a great noise in town, and Phillips was assailed by everybody as he came in. I soon found it was considered by the artists a sort of honor to be near him, and in the midst of the sale up squeezed Chantrey. I was exceedingly amused. I turned round and found on the other side, Northcote! I began to think something was in the wind. Phillips asked him how he liked the "Shepherd Boy." At first he did not recollect it, and then said, "Ah! indeed! Ah! yes! it was a very poor thing. I remember it." Poor Mr. Phillips whispered to me, "You see people have different tastes." I knew that Northcote's coming up was ominous of something. The attempts of this little fellow to mortify others are quite amusing: he exists upon it. The sparkling delight with which he watches a face when he knows that something is coming that will change its expression, is beyond everything; and as soon as he had said what he thought would make Phillips unhappy for two hours, he slunk away.

Again, in 1825, Haydon has another fling at Northcote, now an old man of eighty, and who might well have been spared: —

While I was at the gallery yesterday, poor old Northcote, who has some fine pictures there, was walking about. He nodded to me. I approached. I congratulated him on his pictures. "Ah! sir," said he, "they want varnishing, they say." "Well," said I, "why don't you varnish them?" He shook his head, meaning he was too feeble. "Shall I do it?" "Will 'ee?" said Northcote. "I shall be so much obliged." To the astonishment of the Academicians, I mounted the ladder and varnished away. The poor old mummy was in raptures. I felt for the impotence of his age. He told me some capital stories when I came down.

Readers of Northcote's "Conversations" know well enough that "the poor old mummy" revenged himself amply on Haydon. In Leslie's "Recollections" we have an equally graphic, but kindlier notice of Northcote: —

It is the etiquette for a newly-elected member to call immediately on all the Academicians, and I did not omit paying my respects to Northcote among the rest, although I knew he was not on good terms with the Academy. I was shown up-stairs into a large front room filled with pictures, many of the larger ones resting against each other, and all of them dim with dust. I had not waited long when a door opened which communicated with his painting-room, and the old gentleman appeared, but did not advance beyond it. His diminutive figure was enveloped in a chintz dressing-gown, below which his trousers, which looked as if made for a much larger man, hung in immense folds over a loose pair of shoes,

into which his legs seemed to have shrunk down. His head was covered with a blue silk nightcap, and from under that, and his projecting brows, his sharp black eyes peered at me with a whimsical expression of inquiry. There he stood, with his palette and brushes in one hand, and a mahl-stick, twice as long as himself, in the other: his attitude and look saying, for he did not speak — "What do you want?" On telling him that I had been elected an associate of the Academy, he said, quickly, "And who's the other?" "Mr. Clint," I replied. "And so Clint's got it at last. You're an architect, I believe?" I set him right, and he continued, "Well, sir, you owe nothing to me; I never go near them; indeed, I never go out at night anywhere." I told him I knew that, but thought it right to pay my respects to all the Academicians, and hoped I was not interrupting him. He said "By no means," and asked me into his painting-room, where he was at work on an equestrian picture of George IV. as large as life, which he must have made up from busts and pictures. "I was desirous," he said, "to paint the king, for there is no picture that is like him, and he is by far the best king of his family we have had. It has been remarked that this country is best governed by a woman, for then the government is carried on by able men; and George IV. is like a woman, for he minds only his own amusements, and leaves the affairs of the country to his ministers, instead of meddling himself as his father did. He is just what a king of England should be — something to look grand, and to hang the robes on." I asked leave to repeat my visit, which was readily granted, and from that time we were very good friends. He talked better than he painted.

Leslie continues: —

When I first found myself painting in the exhibition-rooms of the Royal Academy, where most of its members were at work, retouching their pictures, I was a good deal puzzled at the very opposite advice I received from authorities equally high. Northcote came in, and it was the only time I ever saw him at the Academy. He had a large picture there, and not hung in the best of places, at which he was much dissatisfied. I told him of my difficulties, and that Wilkie and Lawrence had just given me extraordinary advice. "Everybody," he said, "will advise you to do what he himself would do, but you are to consider and judge for yourself whether you are likely to do it as he would, and if not you may spoil your picture."

Northcote then complained to Phillips of the ill-usage he had received from the Academy, and said, "I have scarcely ever had a picture well hung. I wish I had never belonged to you." Phillips said, laughing, "We can turn you out!" Northcote answered, "The sooner you do so the better; only think of the men you have turned out. You turned out Sir Joshua, you turned out Barry, and you

turned out West ; and I shall be very glad to make a fourth in such company."

Mr. Shee, with the adroitness which was natural to him, paid him some compliments. Northcote said, "Very well, indeed. You are just the man to write a tragedy" (Shee was a very indifferent poet), "you know how to make a speech." At another time Northcote complimented Shee in his own peculiar manner, by saying, "You should have been in Parliament, instead of the Academy."

Another painter — Thomas Bewicke, the pupil of Haydon — records in his journals a visit to Northcote shortly before his death. Bewicke had been sent to Rome by Sir Thomas Lawrence, to copy some of Michael Angelo's pictures in the Sistine Chapel. On his return he went to show his drawings to Northcote.

An old servant, almost blind, who had lived with him for half a century, and who had been ordered to leave scores of times, but would not go, opened the door. I sent in my card, and was ushered into the miser's study. I found him alone, dressed in an old dingy green dressing-gown, and cap to match. He received me very graciously, and when I told him I had just returned from Italy, he opened his eyes with amazement. I said I had brought my drawing of Jeremiah to show him. I then unrolled the drawing, and he, holding up his hands, said, "Ah ! wonderful — strange ! How grand. Ah ! sir, Raffaelle and Michael Angelo were grand fellows — we are puny and meagre compared with them, and I fear ever shall be. The style of education in the arts is so effeminate, if I may so speak, in this country." Then, in a sententious manner, he added, "No, sir, they will never be able to comprehend the grandeur of Michael Angelo ; you may show Jeremiah upside down for the next century, and no one will see the difference."

One more quotation — from Hazlitt, the closest friend and intimate of Northcote's closing years : —

Talking with Northcote is like conversing with the dead. You see a little old man, eighty years of age, pale and fragile, with eyes gleaming like the lights that are hung in tombs. He seems little better than a ghost, is almost as insubstantial, and hangs wavering and trembling on the very edge of life. You would think that a breath would blow him away ; and yet, what fine things he says. "Yes," observed some one, "and what ill-natured things : they are all malicious to the last word." Lamb called him "a little bottle of aquafortis, which, you know, corrodes everything it touches." "Except gold," interrupted Hazlitt ; "he never drops upon Sir Joshua or the great masters." "Well," persisted the other, "but is he not flowing over with envy, and hatred, and all uncharitableness ? I am told that he is as spiteful as a woman. Then

his niggard ! Did he ever give anything away ?" "Yes," retorted Hazlitt, "his advice ; and very unpleasant it is !" At another time the conversation turned upon the living painters, when one of them (Haydon, I think) was praised as being a capital relater of an anecdote. This brought Hazlitt's thoughts to Northcote, of whom he spoke again — "He is the best teller of a story I ever knew. He will bring up an old defunct anecdote, that has not a jot of merit, and make it quite delightful by dishing it up in his own words : they are quite a *sauce piquante*." "All he says is very well," said some one, "when it touches only our neighbor ; but what if he speaks of one's self ?" "You must take your chance of that," replied Hazlitt ; "but, provided you are not a rival, and will let him alone, he will not harm you ; jostle him, and he stings like a nettle."

This last remark is illustrated by a story told by Mr. Redgrave in his sketch of Northcote. He hated Sir Thomas Lawrence, probably because the portrait-painters of the Reynolds school had gone down before him.

An artist, then young [says Mr. Redgrave], who afterwards became a member of the Royal Academy, relates that one day calling upon Northcote, he found him mounted on a pile of boxes, working away with the zeal of a boy at one of his equestrian portraits of George the Fourth, and that his first inquiry of the visitor was whether he had been at the exhibition, and what he thought of the year's collection. To this interrogatory the young artist replied that he thought Lawrence had in the exhibition one of the most perfect pictures in the world. "A perfect picture, do 'ee say, and from the hands of Läärence ! A perfect picture ! Why, you talk like a fule ! A perfect picture ! Why, I've been to Rome, and seen Raffaelle, and I never saw a perfect picture by him ; and to talk of Läärence doing a perfect picture, good Lord ! what nonsense ! Läärence doing anything perfect — why, there never was any perfect picture ; at least I never saw one.

Occasionally, his sharp retorts were turned to legitimate uses. Once when a pedantic coxcomb was crying up Raffaelle to the skies, he could not help saying, "If there was nothing in Raffaelle but what you can see in him, we should not now have been talking of him." Sometimes Northcote professed to be troubled, or really was troubled, by the sharpness of his tongue. Hazlitt says he blamed himself often for uttering what he thought harsh things ; and on mentioning this to his friend Kemble, and saying that it sometimes kept him from sleep after he had been out in company, Kemble replied, "Oh, you need not trouble yourself much

about them, others never think of them afterwards!" Northcote returned to this point seriously in one of his talks with Hazlitt, and spoke of it with much shrewdness and knowledge of human nature.

It will never do [he said] to take things literally that are uttered in a moment of irritation. You do not express your own opinion, but one as opposite as possible to that of the person who has provoked you. You get as far from a person you have taken a pique against as you can, just as you turn off the pavement to get out of the way of a chimney-sweeper; but it is not to be supposed that you prefer walking in the mud, for all that. I have often been ashamed myself of speeches I have made in that way, which have been repeated to me as good things, when all I meant was that I would say anything rather than agree to the nonsense and affectation I heard. You then set yourself against what you think a wrong bias in another, and are not like a wall but a buttress—as far from the right line as your antagonist, and the more absurd he is, the more so do you become.

Though he had no great literary capacity, and literally no school training, Northcote was desirous of making a reputation as an author. His reading was extensive, but his faculty of composition was limited. He knew no language but English, and this imperfectly. Throughout life he spoke with a broad Devonshire accent, and spelled many words, amongst them the commonest, much as he pronounced them. For Greek literature, even in translation, he had no relish.

There are some things [he said to Hazlitt] with respect to which I am in the same state that a blind man is as to colors. Homer is one of these. I am utterly in the dark about it. I can make nothing of his heroes or his gods. Jack the Giant-killer is the first book I ever read, and I cannot describe the pleasure it gives me, even now. [This was when he was eighty.] I cannot look into it without my eyes filling with tears. I do not know what it is (whether good or bad), but it is to me, from early impressions, the most heroic of performances. I remember once not having money to buy it, and I transcribed it all out with my own hand. This is what I was going to say about Homer. I cannot help thinking that one cause of the high admiration in which it is held, is its being the first book that is put into the hands of young people at school; it is the first spell which opens to them the enchantments of the unreal world. Had I been bred a scholar, I dare say Homer would have been my Jack the Giant-killer.

The narrow culture thus indicated scarcely fitted the painter for the business of authorship; but, with his customary perseverance, he contrived to write a good

deal, and to do it fairly well. He began by contributing essays on art, critiques, and poems, to Mr. Prince Hoare's journal, the *Artist*, in 1807. "Mr. Prince Hoare" (he says) "taxed me the hardest in what I wrote for the *Artist*. He pointed out where I was wrong, and sent it back for me to correct." His "Life of Reynolds" — still, to a great extent, the best memoir of Sir Joshua — was published in 1813, when Northcote was sixty-seven. Many years afterwards he published a series of his fables, in prose and verse, illustrated by spirited engravings of animals; and a second series was issued after his death. At eighty, he published his "Life of Titian" — none but an artist, he said, could write the life of an artist. It is, however, a feeble and tedious performance, although Hazlitt assisted in the composition, as he did also in that of the fables. This has been denied; but we have Hazlitt's own testimony to the fact.

A close intimacy had been struck up between Hazlitt and Northcote, and had lasted for several years. Hazlitt conceived the idea of writing down and publishing their conversations. Northcote assented. "You may, if you think it worth while; but I do assure you that you overrate them. You have not lived long enough in society to be a judge. What is new to you, you think will seem so to others." The conversations were printed, under the title of "Boswell Redivivus," in the *New Monthly Magazine*, then under Campbell's editorship. Their personalities, their freshness, and the racy character of Northcote's sayings, attracted much notice, and provoked sharp controversy. This led to a quarrel between Northcote and Hazlitt. The Mudge family, who had befriended Northcote in youth, were somewhat coarsely assailed in the conversations. Mr. Rosdew, of Plymouth, the nephew of Mr. Zachary Mudge, expostulated with Northcote. The painter "broke out into the most violent expressions of rage and passion. He called Hazlitt a Papist, a wretch, a viper, whom he would stab if he could get at him." Then he wrote to Campbell: —

I find there are frequently papers in your publication, entitled very modestly, "Boswell Redivivus," insinuating that the hero of this trivial stuff is to be compared to the immortal Dr. Johnson. This person seems pretty clearly to be made out to be myself. Good God! do you not feel this to be dreadful? But this is not the worst of the matter. I have often, in my vain moments, said that I should be pleased to receive morning visits

from the devil, because I might be amused by his knowledge of the world, and diverted by his wit, and should be sufficiently on my guard to avoid his snares. This impious desire has indeed been granted to me, and "Boswell Redivivus" is the consequence.

Now that personal controversies are silenced by time, we may estimate the "Conversations" of Northcote at their true value. As republished in a volume—in the life time of the painter—they are softened down from the original draught; but spice enough is left to make them most attractive and amusing reading. Northcote was unquestionably proud of them. "Don't," he would say to his visitors with a chuckle, "go and print what I have said;" and, as to the "Conversations" themselves, he excused himself by saying that "he did not print them," while Hazlitt excused himself by saying that "he did not speak them." This depreciation, however, is mere affectation; both speaker and writer were secretly delighted with their work: and not without cause, for there are few books of the same class which are more original, fuller of shrewd observation, or expressed with greater force and freedom. The reputation of Northcote may, indeed, rest more securely upon this volume than upon his more pretentious efforts in literature, or than even upon his pictures; for, as Hazlitt presents him, he was far brighter and more picturesque than he was upon canvas. To the collected and revised editions of the "Conversations," Hazlitt prefixes a motto from Armstrong—

The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite.

With a liberal interpretation, this is not too much to say. The charm of the book consists in its frankness and its discursive character. Stimulated by his acute interrogator, Northcote discourses with unreserve on whatever topic may happen to come uppermost—the old masters; Sir Joshua; the brilliant group which met at Reynolds's house; contemporary men, women, and manners; politics, literature, religion, morals—all take their turn, and are all discussed with vigorous freedom, and illustrated with witty observations, or appropriate anecdote. All the while the talker himself is present to the life—his tastes, fancies, prejudices, preferences.

Cynicism was Northcote's habit of mind. He knew it, and tried to excuse the propensity. "I am sometimes thought cold and cynical myself; but I hope it is not

for any overweening opinion of myself. I remember once going with Wilkie to Angerstein's, and because I stood looking and said nothing, he seemed dissatisfied, and said, 'I suppose you are too much occupied with admiring, to give me your opinion?' I answered hastily, 'No, indeed! I was saying to myself, "And this is all that the art can do." But this was not, I am sure, an expression of triumph, but of mortification, at the defects which I could not help observing even in the most accomplished works.' The Ireland forgeries were mentioned. "Caleb Whitefoord," said Northcote, "who ought to have known better, asked me if I did not think Sheridan a judge, and that he believed in the authenticity of the Ireland papers. I said 'Do you bring him as a fair witness? He wants to fill his theatre, and would write a play himself and swear it was Shakespeare's. He knows better than to cry stale fish.'" Some printsellers failed. Northcote "did not wonder at it; it was a just punishment of their presumption and ignorance." Hazlitt told him that he had seen "the hair of Lucrezia Borgi, of Milton, Bonaparte, and Dr. Johnson, all folded up in the same paper. It had belonged to Lord Byron." Northcote replied, "One could not be sure of that; it was easy to get a lock of hair, and call it by any name one pleased." Of authors and painters he said, "The most wretched scribbler looks down upon the greatest painter as a mere mechanic; but who would compare Lord Byron with Titian?" Speaking of Byron, and the dispute about burying him in Poets' Corner, he said, "Byron would have resisted it violently if he could have known of it. If they had laid him there, he would have got up again. No, I'll tell you where they should have laid him: if they had buried him with the kings in Henry VII's chapel, he would have had no objection to that." Of royalty he had something to say.

You violent politicians [he said to Hazlitt] make more rout about royalty than it is worth; it is only the highest place, and somebody must fill it, no matter who; neither do the persons themselves think so much of it as you imagine: they are glad to get into privacy as much as they can. Nor is it a sinecure. The late king, I have been told, used often to have to sign his name to papers, and do nothing else for three hours together, till his fingers fairly ached, and then he would take a walk in the garden, and come back to repeat the same drudgery for three hours more. So, when they told Louis XV. that if he went on with his extravagance, he would bring about a revolution and be sent over to England with a

pension, he merely asked, "Do you think the pension would be a pretty good one?"

On religion he was cynical also.

I said to Godwin, when he had been trying to unsettle the opinions of a young artist whom I knew, "Why should you wish to turn him out of one house, till you have provided another for him? Besides, what do you know of the matter more than he does? His nonsense is as good as yours nonsense, when both are equally in the dark." As to the follies of the Catholics, I do not think the Protestants can pretend to be quite free from them. So when a chaplain of Lord Bath's was teasing a Popish clergyman, to know how he could make up his mind to admit that absurdity of transubstantiation, the other made answer, "Why, I'll tell you: when I was young, I was taught to swallow Adam's apple; and since that, I have found no difficulty with anything else."

The Academy did not please him in his later years: they put his pictures into bad places, and gave preference to other painters of portrait and history. The recommendation-paper for students contained a blank for a statement of the candidate's moral character.

"This zeal for morality," said Northcote, "begins with inviting me to tell a lie. I know whether he can draw or not, because he brings me specimens of his drawings; but what am I to know of the moral character of a person I have never seen before? Or what business have the Academy to inquire into it? I suppose they are not afraid he will steal the Farnese Hercules. I told one of them, with as grave a face as I could, that as to his moral character he must go to his godfathers and godmothers for that. He answered very simply that they were a great way off, and that he had nobody to appeal to but his apothecary. This would not have happened in Sir Joshua's time," he went on, "nor even in Fuseli's; but the present men are dressed in a little brief authority, and they wish to make the most of it, without perceiving the limits."

On another occasion he said:—

When the Academy first began, one would suppose that the members were so many angels sent from heaven to fill the different situations, and that was the reason why it began. Now, the difficulty is to find anybody fit for them; and the deficiency is supplied by interest, intrigue, and cabal. Not that I dislike the individuals, neither. As Swift says, I like Jack, Tom, and Harry, very well by themselves; but all together they are not to be endured. We see the effect of people acting in concert in animals (for men are only a more vicious sort of animals). A single dog will let you kick and cuff him as you please, and will submit to any treatment; but if you meet a pack of hounds, they will set upon you and

tear you to pieces with the greatest impudence. The Academy very soon degenerated. It is the same in all human institutions. The thing is, there has been found no way yet to keep the devil out.

Space fails to quote his opinions of artists and others whom he had known—Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick; and later, Wordsworth, Scott, Fuseli, Lawrence, Canova, Godwin, and others—of all of whom he spoke with the most engaging freedom and candor. His character has disclosed itself throughout the narrative; it was cynical in a high degree, but it was marked also by the better qualities of self-reliance, perseverance, and sturdy independence. Two anecdotes bring out these qualities in prominent relief. When Master Betty, the Young Roscius, was playing to crowded houses, Northcote painted him. William the Fourth, then Duke of Clarence, took the young prodigy to the painter's house, and stood watching the progress of the picture.

The loose gown in which Northcote painted was principally composed of shreds and patches, and might, perchance, be half a century old; his white hair was sparingly bestowed on each side, and his cranium was entirely bald. The royal visitor, standing behind him while he painted, first gently lifted, or rather twitted, the collar of the gown, which Northcote resented by suddenly turning, and expressing his displeasure by a frown; on which his Royal Highness, touching the professor's grey locks, said, "You don't devote much time to the toilette, I perceive." Northcote instantly replied, "Sir, I never allow any one to take personal liberties with me; you are the first who ever presumed to do so, and I beg your Royal Highness to remember that I am in my own house." The artist then resumed his painting; the prince stood silent for a minute or so, then opened the door and went away. The royal carriage, however, had not arrived, and rain was falling; the prince returned, borrowed an umbrella, and departed. "Dear Mr. Northcote," said one of the ladies present, "I fear you have offended his Royal Highness." "Madam," said the painter, "I am the offended party." The next day, about noon, Mr. Northcote was alone, when a gentle tap was heard, the studio door opened, and in walked the prince. "Mr. Northcote," he said, "I am come to return your sister's umbrella; I brought it myself that I might have an opportunity of saying that yesterday I thoughtlessly took an unbecoming liberty with you, which you properly resented. I really am angry with myself, and hope you will forgive me, and think no more about it." "And what did you say?" inquired a friend to whom the painter told the story. "Say! Good God! what could I say? I only bowed; he

might see what I felt. I could, at that moment, have sacrificed my life for him — such a prince is worthy to be a king." The prince afterwards, in his sailor-like way, said of Northcote, "He's a damned honest, independent little old fellow."

The next and last anecdote — highly characteristic of the man — carries us back to the studio of Reynolds, when Northcote was his pupil. The Prince of Wales met Northcote, and was pleased with him. "What do you know of his Royal Highness?" asked Sir Joshua. "Nothing," answered Northcote. "Nothing, sir! why, he says he knows you very well." "Pooh!" said Northcote, "that is only his *brag*!"

J. THACKRAY BUNCE.

From The Sunday Magazine.
JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

A STORY OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

CHAPTER IX.

A HUNDRED times during this day, and during the days that followed this one, the thought came to Janet's mind that she would run away, and try to make her escape from this dreadful new life that she had stumbled into. She would run away, she thought, for it was too terrible to bear. And yet the days went on, and she did not run away. Perhaps she had not courage enough to try to do it; perhaps she would have failed in accomplishing it, however much courage she had had. For, whether it was by accident or design, Tabby never left her to herself. She stuck by her all day long; wherever she herself went, there she took Janet; wherever Janet desired to go, there she would accompany her. One or two feeble efforts to escape poor Janet made, but they ended in nothing almost in the same moment that they began. And, even if it had not been so, even if she had tried to run away and had succeeded, what would have been the good of it, for what could she have done next? She asked herself this again and again, and the question was so hopeless that she could never answer it.

But what a sad, strange life it was! They used to turn out in the early mornings and go wandering in the streets, prowling about like animals, in search of food. It was not often that Tabby was so lucky as to have sixpence in her pocket, as she had had on the first morning that they were together, or even anything like

sixpence, with which to begin the day's campaign. Most often she had not a penny, nor so much as a crust of bread, and they could not break their fast till somebody gave a penny to them, or till Tabby, by doubtful means of her own, contrived to provide them with either money or food.

By very doubtful means indeed she did this sometimes; by such doubtful means that poor little Janet, knowing how their meal was procured, would often feel as if the bread she ate must choke her; and yet, when she was penniless, and starving, and friendless, what could she do but eat it?

"You can turn your head away if you don't like to look, and then what do you know about it?" Tabby would say, as bold as brass, and would go about her small thievery with a conscience as much at ease as if she had been a young savage feeding herself with roots in the backwoods; but Janet could not turn away her head, and manage in that way to think that all was right. She might turn away her head, and even run out of Tabby's sight, but that did not prevent her, when Tabby came back triumphantly with some bit of property in her possession which did not lawfully belong to her, from feeling that she was so miserable and ashamed that she almost wished she was dead.

Sometimes, when she was in the humor for it, Tabby would argue the matter with her.

"There ain't no harm in taking what you can get," she would say. "Why, there can't be, you know. Ain't we got to get food somehow? Mother won't get it for us (catch her bothering herself!), and if she won't, we must. There ain't no question about it! If you lives in the streets, you must take what you can."

"But couldn't we do anything else than live in the streets?" Janet piteously asked one day. "It seems such a dreadful thing to do. Do you think there isn't any work that we could get?"

"Work?" echoed Tabby, opening her great eyes. "Well, I never! Catch me working!"

"But you wouldn't mind it if you could get money by it?" said Janet.

"I gets money without it," replied Tabby, with a knowing wink. "What a game — to think of me a-working! Why, I don't know but for the fun of the thing I wouldn't like it. Just fancy me in a situation! My eye, wouldn't I look after the silver spoons! But the worst is," said

Tabby gravely, "they'd want a character, and I'd have to get up early in the morning the day I went to look for that."

"I don't know that people always want characters; do you think they do?" asked Janet, wistfully. "I thought perhaps somebody might take us, just out of charity perhaps —"

"Oh, bother charity!" exclaimed Tabby, scornfully. "I ain't a-going nowhere on them terms. If you knowed of a nice family now, as wanted a spicy young housemaid as could clean plate, and make herself generally useful in the pantry, I might p'raps think o' *that*; but as for getting took out o' charity —" And Tabby broke off her sentence with a whistle, finding words unequal to express the contempt with which she regarded such a prospect.

Before Janet had been a day in Tabby's company the poor little shrinking, timid child had been forced by her bold companion to make her first attempt at begging.

"You run after that woman, and ask her for a penny," said Tabby suddenly, after they had been for an hour in the streets together, nudging Janet's elbow, and speaking in a quick whisper, as a young woman passed them with a market-basket on her arm.

"Oh, I can't!" cried Janet, flushing scarlet, and drawing back; and then, before she knew what was coming, Tabby had given her a cuff on the side of her head.

"What do you mean by saying that you can't? Do you think that you won't have to?" cried Tabby, furiously.

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know how I can!" said poor Janet.

"You'll have to learn then," retorted Tabby, with the most cutting contempt. "You've lost this chance; it ain't no good now; but if you don't go after the next one as I tells you to —" And then Tabby gripped her companion's shoulder, and gave her a look that made Janet shake in her shoes. The poor little thing resisted no more after that. When Tabby issued her next order she ran after the person whom Tabby told her to follow, and held out her hand, and tried to utter the words she had been told to speak. "Please, will you give me a penny," was the sentence she had been ordered to say, but it stuck in her throat and she could not say it. Of course, however, the lady whom she was following understood what the little stretched-out hand meant, and she turned round to her and shook her

head, and said she had nothing to give her.

"You shouldn't beg in the streets; if you do, the policeman will take you up," she said severely; and at this Janet returned to Tabby, trembling and flushed, — and without her penny, which was the only part of the business, you may be sure, about which Tabby cared a straw.

"I daresay she'd ha' give it to you if you'd kept on at her. Well, it can't be helped; we'll have better luck next time," she, however, said stoically; and, as it proved, she was right, for the next person whom Janet was told to run after was a kindly-looking old gentleman, and he at the child's appeal began to feel in his waistcoat pockets, and after a little searching produced the coin that Janet asked for, and put it in her hand.

"Well, you've got something this time," said Tabby with a chuckle as she came back.

"Yes," answered Janet, with a lump in her throat, and hurriedly gave the penny up to her companion; and then for five minutes afterwards never opened her lips, but walked in silence by Tabby's side as Tabby went on chattering, feeling as if every person in the street who passed her by must know the miserable thing that she had done.

But, of course, though she was so overwhelmed with shame after this first effort at begging, as time went on the poor child gradually got accustomed to beg. She never got to do it boldly, but she did get to do it without her heart beating and the color coming to her face, as it had done at first. If it was bad to beg, it was at least so much better to beg than to steal, and Janet had not cast in her lot with Tabby for many hours before she learned that, as long as she kept to that companionship, a choice between begging and stealing was the only choice she had.

As for Tabby, as I am afraid you guess, the bolder way of earning her livelihood was the one that *she* preferred.

"What's the use o' being sharp if you don't make use o' your sharpness?" she would say in the frankest way in the world. "I'd steal a deal more than I do if I'd the chance. I'd like to get into somebody's house — I would. I'd like to creep in at a winder; or, my eye, wouldn't I like to make a grab at one o' them jewellers! Think o' getting both your hands full o' rings and brooches! Oh! don't it make your mouth water? But la, I'll never have such luck as that," Tabby would say with a sigh, as she thought of

the glorious prizes of her profession that it would never fall to her to win.

I dare say you think that if Janet had been as good a child as she ought to be, she would not only have *thought* of running away from Tabby, but would really have done it when she found out what a bold little naughty thief and beggar Tabby was. But Janet did not run away. She had not courage enough to part herself from the only living creature who seemed willing to be a friend to her,—even though the companionship she clung to was nothing better than the companionship of a little street-thief.

It was an odd thing to see these two children who were so unlike each other sitting side by side. They used to spend a large part of every day sitting on door-steps, or under railway arches, or amongst the litter of new-built houses. It never seemed to occur to Tabby that the room in which they slept was a place in which to pass any portion of their waking time. They regularly turned out of doors as soon as they were up in the morning, and passed the whole day in the streets. All Tabby's occupation, you see, lay there; and all her pleasure lay there too. Even when the weather was bad, and it rained, she rarely proposed to Janet to go home. "I'd rather stop here than go in and have mother jawin' at me—wouldn't you?" she would say; and weary of the streets though she might be, Janet would agree with her with all her heart. Better to stay out and be wet to the skin six times a day than to go in and sit with Tabby's mother! "Oh, I don't mind the rain. We'll get under shelter somewhere," she soon got to answer Tabby quite readily and cheerfully.

So often when it rained they used to sit under pôrches, or in other covered places, and chatter away to one another by the hour together. There was one place in particular—a carpenter's yard—to which they often went. They had stolen cautiously into it one day during a heavy shower, hoping to attract no notice, but one or two of the men who were at work *had* noticed them, and spoken kindly to them, and one of them had given Janet a hunch of bread, which she and Tabby divided and ate as they stood amongst the shavings.

"Why, what do you two little women do wandering about the streets?" the man had said good-naturedly to them. "You ought to be at school, learning your books."

"Mother says we're to go to school

presently," answered Tabby demurely; "but she don't like to send us now, 'cause we're so shabby."

"Ah!" said the man pityingly, "you *are* shabby, to be sure." And then a little while afterwards, as they were going away, he called to them,—"Well, are you coming to see us again another day? You may if you like." And so they did come again; and presently, as the weather grew colder, they got to come oftener, and the men would nod kindly at them as the two little figures came peeping in at the open door, and would let them sit down upon the heaps of wood, and stay there as long as they pleased to stay. It was such a quiet place that Janet liked it; it was so warm and sheltered, too, as the days grew cold. She was almost happy sometimes as she and Tabby sat talking there together. She used to go back to the streets, and to the work there that she loved so little, when these peaceful hours were ended, very sadly and unwillingly.

But Tabby, on her side, as you may guess, loved the excitement of the streets best. "It's so dull anywhere else," she would say. "There ain't nothing a-going on. Now I likes things to be always a-going on. When lots of people's a-passing up and down you never know, you see, when you may get something." By which, of course, Tabby meant you never knew when you may either beg or steal something. For begging and stealing were the two thoughts that were perpetually in Tabby's mind; they were the two great occupations and interests of her life.

She was always thinking of what naughty clever thing she could do to get food or money. She used to tell such dreadful stories to the people from whom she begged, that it made Janet's hair stand on end to hear her. She always said that she had six or eight brothers and sisters at home, and that her mother was ill with fever, or that her father had died last week, or that they had not been able to pay their rent, and that their landlord was going to turn them out of doors to-morrow; and she would implore the people to whom she told these things to come home with her, and see how true they all were, with such a piteous voice, and such an eager, pleading little face that, in terror, lest anybody should do it, Janet's heart would jump into her mouth. Sometimes Tabby would get a little money by telling these naughty fibs, but often the people to whom she told them only shook their heads and passed on. For the most part they used not to believe

Tabby's stories; they had heard too many stories of the same sort to believe them. On the whole, I think, poor little Janet's sad and simple, "Will you give me a penny, please?" was more effective than Tabby's made-up tales; but then Tabby, you remember, had two strings to her bow, and if Janet earned most by begging, Tabby's exploits with that second string of hers often threw Janet's small successes quite into the shade.

One day the little monkey was so fortunate as to snap up two half-crowns as they rolled over the doorstep of a shop. A customer inside the shop had dropped her purse, and all the contents went tumbling out upon the floor, and these two half-crowns went Tabby's way as she chanced to be standing at the door, and in an instant were safe in Tabby's pocket.

"Oh, Tabby, give them back!" cried Janet in an agony. "She'll give you something. I daresay she'll give you a shilling if you do."

But Tabby had already bolted to the other side of the street, and treated Janet's proposal as if it was the proposal of a lunatic.

"Oh, my eye, won't we have a day of it! Oh! I say, what shall we do? Did you ever go to a theatre?" cried Tabby, flushed with a sense of possessing unlimited wealth.

It was all in vain that Janet pleaded and protested; in the triumph of her heart Tabby danced along the pavement, and leapt and sang; and — let me confess the worst at once — that night she and Janet did go to a theatre with part of their ill-gotten gains, and saw a play there that, in spite of her shame and misery, remained stamped upon Janet's mind and heart for years to come, like some beautiful dream of fairy-land. For days afterwards the children talked about it, and acted bits of it to one another, and recalled the wonderful things that they had seen — the ladies and gentlemen in their gorgeous clothes, the marvellous creatures who had dined in gold and spangles, the groves of flowers, the mountain torrents, the moonlit gardens, the blaze of light. It was all to Janet a great and wonderful new world, of the like of which she had never before conceived.

"I wonder how people ever get to do such beautiful things! How clever they must all be! How can any little girl ever be so clever as to dance like that?" she said to Tabby over and over again.

"Oh, anybody could do it," answered Tabby, in whom the bump of veneration

was not much developed. "Anybody could do it as was taught. I could, I know. There ain't nothing I likes better than dancing," and Tabby began to point her foot and piroquette.

"But you see you go tumbling over on one side at once," said Janet, a little bluntly. "That isn't like what they did a bit. Why, they went spinning round like tops. Oh, wasn't it wonderful? And waving their arms about — oh, Tabby, didn't they wave their arms beautifully? Wasn't it like music?" cried Janet in an ecstasy.

"Well, anybody could do it, I know," repeated Tabby — "of course I means after learning a bit. You can't do nothink without learning. But if I'd got the right kind o' frock on, and them little white boots, you'd just see. Oh, I wish we was a-going back to-night!"

"So do I," said Janet, fervently.

"If I could only get a little more money —"

"Oh, no!" cried Janet, with a face of distress.

"Well, you don't suppose we can go without money, do you?" asked Tabby scornfully.

"No — oh no, of course not, — but I mean — oh, Tabby, don't let us go with stolen money any more! It's so dreadful! I know I was happy last night in spite of it being wrong — but oh, please don't let us do it again!" cried Janet, with her heart on her lips.

"Well, you are a rum 'un," said Tabby. "You never knows how to enjoy anything. Why, if I was always a-thinking of what was right and what was wrong, I wonder where I'd be."

"But I don't know how I can help it," said Janet, wistfully.

"Just do what you like, and never think nothing at all," replied Tabby, giving this large and philosophical advice in such a light and off-hand way that Janet was quite quenched and extinguished by it, not knowing how to argue a question that — hard as it might be to her — Tabby's rapid mind seemed to have seen to the bottom of so neatly and entirely.

And indeed I am afraid that in their talks together poor little Janet was often silenced and perplexed by Tabby's swift, decided way of dealing with all sorts of knotty moral points; for, you see, nothing was ever a mystery to Tabby; she never let any difficult questions puzzle or disturb her; she never dreamed, or hesitated, or repented, or wondered over things, as Janet did. Her theory of life was a

very simple one. She never troubled herself about right or wrong, or good or evil. She had only two rules by which she regulated all her proceedings, and these were, to do all she liked, and to take all she could — the same rules by which the wild beasts guide their ways in the forests, and by which the birds live in the air, and the fishes in the sea.

Do you wonder that, being a lawless little creature of this sort, she should find any pleasure in the society of a child so different from herself as Janet? Well, Tabby too used to think this odd.

"I wonder how I comed to take up with you?" she said to her companion speculatively one day. "It's rum, ain't it? for you ain't a bit my sort. I'm up to anything, I am, and you, you couldn't say 'Bo' to a goose. You're such a poor-spirited thing — I can't think how you're to get on all your life — only drunk people and fools always get took care of some'ow, they say." And Tabby nodded her head cheerfully at the end of this address, and looked as if she thought she had made a speech that Janet must find particularly pleasant and comforting.

But, oddly enough, Janet's poor little face did something that was not at all like brightening as she heard it.

"I'm sure I don't know how I am to get on," she answered sadly. "I suppose I should have been dead before now if I hadn't got with you. You — you've been very kind to me, Tabby," said Janet timidly.

"Oh, bother kindness," replied Tabby scornfully, and tried to look as if she did not care a straw for what Janet had said; but, though she tried to look so, yet in point of fact she did care for it, and perhaps she remembered Janet's speech long after Janet herself had forgotten that she had made it. For little street-vagabonds like Tabby don't in a general way give much indulgence to their feelings, but yet most of them have a warm corner somewhere in their wild gipsy hearts, and Janet had unconsciously begun to steal into this warm corner in Tabby's.

Was it altogether because she was so helpless and feeble? I can't tell you; nor, if you had asked her, could Tabby either. I don't think we ever know much about why we love one person, and why we don't care about another. At any rate Tabby did not. She was too much a child to reason about almost anything; she was in most things too much like a young wild animal ever to think about anything. She only knew as time went on

that she liked to be with Janet — even though Janet (in her sight) was no better than a weak and useless creature. She got into the way of thinking her quite weak and useless, and with the charming openness of childhood she used to her face to declare her opinion of her, in the simplest and frankest way in the world.

"You ain't got no more wit than a grasshopper," she would tell her. "I never knowed such a head-piece. Why, I think you'd stand before a brick wall, and never know you seed it. One 'ud think as 'ow you'd been born the day after to-morrow!" — and her contempt for Janet's mental powers and acquirements generally was so profound, that even poor Janet, little as she had ever been accustomed to think of herself, fell in her own estimation lower than ever, quite quenched and humbled by her companion's scorn.

And yet, in spite of her companion's scorn, she stuck to Tabby, and Tabby — which was odder still perhaps — stuck to her, and as the days went on the two children were almost inseparable. Many a curious thing, I am afraid, was poured by Tabby's unscrupulous little tongue into Janet's ears; but, if Tabby often talked naughtily, Janet, happily for her, brought so pure and innocent a mind to the reception of Tabby's stories that the badness of them for the most part never hurt her, simply because she did not understand it. Some things that Tabby told her she knew were wrong, and some things she wondered at, hardly knowing if they were wrong or right; but the naughtiness of a good many she never took in or comprehended at all; for there are some natures to which evil is slow to cling, and Janet's was one of these.

So she listened with open ears while Tabby talked, and sometimes Tabby, seeing the innocent large eyes fixed on her face, would, as time went on, instinctively keep back some naughty word that she had got upon her lips, or would leave out some naughty bit in the tale that she was telling, or would occasionally even stop abruptly, with a feeling that she did not comprehend, and not tell the thing at all that she had meant to do.

"You're such a baby! I never knowed any one so green!" she would exclaim irritably, sometimes, after she had checked herself in this way. "I can't think how I puts up with you at all. But there, you can't help it, I suppose; so come on, and let's have one o' *your* stories. Let's hear some more about the pony and that old pa o' yours." And Janet, having grown ac-

customed by this time to the peculiar way in which Tabby gave her invitations, would placidly obey this order, and soon be chattering away about the things she loved so dearly to look back upon, with all her heart in every word she spoke.

It was a pleasant thing to Janet to talk about the years of her past life, and it was little wonder that she liked to do it, but it *was* a wonder, perhaps, that Tabby took any interest in hearing her, or cared, after she had finished her own highly flavored tales, to listen to the tame and quiet stories which were the only kind that Janet could tell. And yet she did care to listen to them. That quick little eager mind of hers, that craved continually for food, and got so little with which to satisfy it, seized on this novel idea of Janet's quiet country life, and from its very contrast, I suppose, to everything that she herself was familiar with, in a curious kind of way became attracted to and possessed by it. Before the children had been together many weeks she was never tired of making Janet talk to her of all the things she used to do, and as Janet poured out her simple tales the other's bright imagination formed pictures of the places and the people and the scenes that were described to her, till, if you could have talked to her, you almost would have thought that she knew them all as familiarly as Janet knew them, and had ridden the little brown pony through the shady lanes, and played in the old garden, and climbed the apple-trees, and taken tea in the rectory parlor, and been acquainted with every old man and woman in the village as well as if she had spoken with her own lips to every one of them.

At first, indeed, for a time she used to look on these mild pleasures of Janet's with a good deal of contempt. She would sneer when Janet told her about the quiet walks in the sweet woods, about the ferns and wild flowers that she used to gather, about the church where her father preached.

"I wouldn't have to go to church for somethin'," she would tell Janet. "Just fancy me a-sittin' in a pew! I say, if I ever was to go, I'd holler out."

"Oh no, you wouldn't!" Janet would remonstrate in a shocked voice.

"Yes, I would, just for fun, to see what they'd do. There's nothing I ain't up to. I'd—I'd think nothing of runnin' up the pulpit stairs and pinching the parson's legs," Tabby would recklessly exclaim. And, indeed, her conversation on this subject, and on various other grave subjects

besides, was altogether of so irreverent a sort, that Janet, in the early days of their companionship, used to flush all over as she heard her till the blood tingled to her fingers' ends.

But as the weeks went on, somehow Tabby got to do something else than sneer at and make jests of the things that Janet cared for. That life that Janet had led seemed a queer enough life to her, but yet presently something, perhaps, in its simplicity and purity and gentleness, touched the wild little lonely heart. It was as if she was hearing stories of another world,—of a world where nobody had any trouble, where no one ever fought or quarreled, where the flowers were always blossoming, and the trees were always green, and everybody was gentle and kind and good (for, looking lovingly back upon it all, this was what that lost world of hers seemed now to Janet's tender memory); and as she listened to these tales I think they gradually came to make a kind of dreamy far-off sunshine for her beyond the squalor of her present life, beyond its cold and hunger, beyond its blows and bitter words.

"If you and me keeps together till the summer comes, wouldn't it be a lark to go somewhere for a bit where there's fields and trees!" she said one day to Janet. "I shouldn't care to stop long, I dare say; but wouldn't it be a game to go for a week or two, and see 'em cut the corn or make the hay!"

"Oh, wouldn't it!" echoed Janet fervently, with the color in her face.

And then the two children, as they sat side by side, began to talk of how they would try to do this thing, and to go away into the green country when the summer came,—if they kept together, as Tabby said.

But they never did it, though they planned it all. They never did it, because they did *not* keep together,—for Janet and Tabby had parted company forever long before the summer came.

CHAPTER X.

IT had been September when they first met. Gradually, as the winter came on, this wandering homeless life became more and more comfortless. Sometimes it was so cold and bitter in the streets that they were forced to return home before night came, for their thin, ill-clad bodies could not bear the biting blasts, or the chilling rains, the whole day long; but, whatever the weather was, they were obliged to spend a large part of each day out of

doors; for, you know, they had either to beg or steal in order to get their living, and they could only either beg or steal in the streets. So every day, in rain or wind or snow as much as in sunshine, they had to turn out and stay out until they had earned their bread.

They had to earn their bread, and they had to earn their lodging too. Perhaps you have been thinking that it was rather a kind thing of Tabby's mother to let Janet sleep all these weeks beneath her roof, even though she did not feed her. And so it would have been, no doubt, if she had given house-room to her for nothing. But to give house-room to her for nothing was not what she did at all. She let Janet sleep in her corner on the floor; but she made Janet pay for sleeping there. If the child came home with two or three pence in her pocket, those two or three pence, before she left the house again, had to find their way to the pocket of Tabby's mother. If she came home penniless, she got a box on the ears—or it might be more than one—and a torrent of abusive words. She had to pay pretty dearly for that hard bed of hers. All through the day the thought of the unearned price of it used to be a weight upon her mind. Often when she came in late in the evening, if she had failed to get the money that was needed, she used to lie awake for hours, tremblingly looking forward to the blows and the foul words that would be given her in the morning; for it was in the morning that these scenes usually took place, it being a rare thing for Tabby's mother to come home till after both the children were in bed.

Of course she cared about the blows she got far more than Tabby did. Tabby, too, used to be expected to bring money home, and used to be rated and beaten if she did not bring it. But, you see, she had been accustomed to be rated and beaten all her life, and so a few blows, more or less, never much troubled her, and as for bad words, I am sorry to say that if her mother gave bad words to her, Tabby was quite able to give them back in full measure, and cared no more about doing it than she cared about snapping her fingers. So, whether she brought money back with her at night, or whether she came in without a halfpenny, it never much disturbed Tabby. "She can't do nothing but turn me out of doors, and I'd just as soon she did that as not. What do I care? I does for myself without no help from her," she would exclaim, with saucy independence. And indeed she was right—in part at any

rate—and there was little doubt that, pretty well from the time when she had been able to stand upright, her mother had been of about as little use to Tabby as ever a mother had been to any one in this world.

And yet, though Tabby was right in part, she was not right altogether. She said that her mother could do nothing worse than turn her out of doors. She thought that she could not when she said that; she was a fearless little thing, never afraid of hard blows, accustomed to bear pain like a Spartan; her mother might beat her, and shut the door in her face; that was all that she could do, Tabby thought. But Tabby lived to find that she was wrong.

For several days it had happened that both the children had had a run of ill success. I don't know whether it was the bad weather (it was very bad, wet, wintry weather) that kept people indoors, or whether the cold made them cross and hard-hearted, but poor Janet had begged and begged almost in vain for three long days, till she was sick of doing it, and except a little fruit from a green-grocer's shop, and a roll or two from a baker's barrow, Tabby had not been able in her special way to earn a single thing. They had only between them in the course of these three days got ninepence halfpenny, and the whole of that ninepence halfpenny (and it was little enough) they had been obliged to spend in food. For two nights they had gone home without a farthing to give to Tabby's mother, and when on the third night they still had nothing, Janet sat down upon a doorstep, and burst out crying at last in her distress.

As she was crying, some kind-hearted person in passing stopped, and asked her what was the matter, and gave a penny to her. She had been sobbing out to Tabby, "Oh, don't let us go back yet, she'll beat us so. Don't let us go till we get something." And then, almost as she was saying this, the penny was put into her hand, and the sad sobs began to stop, and the poor little face began to brighten again.

"It isn't much, but it's ever so much better than nothing, isn't it?" she said, with a feeble little glimmer of a smile. "I wish it was in two halfpennies, and then we could each take one; but if we wait a little longer perhaps we may get another—don't you think we may? Oh, if some very kind person would only come, and give us—give us sixpence!"

cried Janet, almost breathless with awe at the extravagance of her own imagination.

"Well, there's never no telling when you may get nothing," replied Tabby, "only there ain't many as gives sixpences, so it ain't likely. But what does it matter?" exclaimed Tabby contemptuously. "If we ain't got no money, we ain't, and there's the end of it. It's uncommon wet and nasty here, I knows, and I'm a-getting as sleepy as tuppence. Oh, I say, come along. You give the penny to her, and that'll keep her tongue off you, and—bless you, d' you think *I* mind mother's jaw?" And with that Tabby got up from her seat, and the two children, wet through, and cold and hungry, threaded the streets slowly home.

They begged from a good many more people as they went along, but nobody gave anything more to them, and when they reached their journey's end the penny that was in Janet's pocket was still the only penny that they had.

"I wish we could divide it," Janet said wistfully again, and then before they quite got home she offered the whole coin to Tabby. "It doesn't matter which of us has it, you know," she said faintly, trying to look as if she was not afraid to go home empty-handed; but Tabby laughed and pushed the little hand back.

"Don't it matter, though! You'd sing out another song if you'd got mother's eye upon you. I ain't a-going to take it. What's the odds what she says to me? Do you think I can't give her as good as I gets?" cried Tabby scornfully, and skipped up the dark stairs as lightly and boldly as if she was bringing home a pocket full of pence.

The room was empty when they reached it; it was usually empty, even when they came in late. The work that Tabby's mother did, when she did any work at all, was charring, and though she used to end her charring, at such times as she was doing it, pretty early in the evening, yet she never came home early, and rarely came home sober. At ten, at eleven, at twelve o'clock, she used to come in, and sometimes when she came she had been drinking so much that she hardly knew what she was doing.

It was almost twelve o'clock to-night before she returned, and the children had both been a long time in bed; but they had been talking, and Janet was frightened and excited, and they had not been to sleep. They were still both of them wide awake when she came home at last.

Perhaps if it had not been so, the thing that happened then might not have happened. Possibly, if they had not begun to talk together the woman would have gone to bed, and have slept herself sober, and in the morning her temper might not have got the better of her, as it did now when she was half beside herself with drink. But instead of finding Tabby asleep, unhappily she found her awake, and began to talk to her, and then from talking to her she began to scold her. She found out soon enough that all the money the children had brought back was that one penny in Janet's pocket, and then she began to rate them and storm at them for their idleness. As she worked herself up into a passion Janet, cowering with fear and wretchedness, lay silent in her corner; but Tabby, as bold as brass, sat up in bed, and gave back all the abuse she got. It was a bad, miserable, sorrowful scene. It was such a scene as one is ashamed to think about or speak of, and that I would not tell you about at all if it were not that I am obliged for my story to tell you the end of it. The end was this—that the wretched woman, goaded at last by some bitter thing that Tabby said, caught up a brass candlestick from the table and threw it at her.

The candlestick struck the child upon her chest, a great blow that sent her down upon her back with a gasp and cry. The woman looked at her stupidly with her drunken eyes as she fell, and did not go to help her. It was only Janet, trembling and as white as death, who started up and ran to the bedside.

"Oh, Tabby, are you hurt? Oh, Tabby! Tabby!" cried Janet in an agony of terror, for Tabby had got her eyes closed, as if she was stunned, and for a few moments she did not move or speak.

"I think she's broke me right i' two," she said at last, gasping, and in a strange voice, as if she had no breath. "Feels like it, any way. Oh, lor, I'm so sick!" cried the poor child, looking up and trying to rise, and crying out again with pain as she did it.

Perhaps, in spite of her apparent indifference, and mad and reckless as she was, the unhappy woman felt something like alarm at what she had done, for after a minute she got up and came to Tabby's side.

"Lie still, can't you, and stop that noise," she said. "You ain't killed yet. There—lie on your side; you'll be right enough by morning. It's your own fault if you're hurt. Well, if you won't lie on

your side, lie on your back—only hold your jaw."

She moved the child from one position to another, and poor Tabby lay gasping in a curious way, but did not speak any more. Not another thing was done for her. The woman undressed and got into bed, and Janet too went back to her own bed in the corner, and then all the room was quiet, and Janet presently fell asleep, and knew nothing more till it was day.

When she awoke Tabby was sitting up in bed, with a scarlet spot of color on each cheek, and her mother, still lying by her side, was breathing heavily. Janet got up frightened a little at Tabby's look.

"Oh, are you all right?" she asked, hurriedly. "I mean—where you were knocked?"

"Don't seem like it," answered Tabby, shortly. "I can't lie nohow, and I can't tumble about, neither. I ain't had a wink o' sleep."

"Haven't you? And I've been asleep all night," cried Janet, remorsefully.

"Well, it wasn't likely you'd be anything else, was it? You wasn't knocked down with a candlestick," said Tabby, quite unconscious of what was in Janet's mind, and never dreaming, poor child, that because she was in pain anybody else should have given up their natural rest to look after her.

"I've been a-thinkin' that I don't know how I'm to get my clothes on though," said Tabby in a whisper after a few moments' silence. "I'm a-going to try—before she wakes—but I'm blest if I likes the thoughts of it. I'm so thirsty, too, and there ain't a drop o' water."

"I'll go down and get some," exclaimed Janet quickly; and she went and brought a jugful, and the thirsty little lips drank it eagerly.

"Seems to me, you know," said Tabby confidentially, when she had finished her draught,—"I don't know what it is,—but seems to me that something's broke in two. Just you feel. Look—put your fingers here. Don't you press too much! There, now—ain't it?" cried Tabby triumphantly.

"Oh, I don't think it can be! Oh, Tabby, it would be dreadful!" said Janet, with an awed and frightened face.

"Well, I shouldn't mind whether it was broke or not if it warn't for the pain," said Tabby. "That's what bothers me. But p'raps it'll be better when I'm up. We'll have a try any way." And the child got out of bed and began to put on her clothes.

But she could not put them on without help. She could not stoop to put on her boots, and Janet had to put them on the little stockingless feet for her; she could not bend her arm back to fasten her frock.

"Oh, Tabby, you aren't fit to be up. You ought to go back to bed," Janet said, frightened; but Tabby used some strong expression, and declared that she would see Janet at Jericho before she went to bed any more. So then Janet held her tongue, and presently the children went down the stairs together and out into the street.

It was their habit generally to vary their course as much as possible, so that passers-by, and above all policemen, might not get to be familiar with the sight of them; so sometimes they would begin to beg quite close to their own house, and sometimes they would go a long way before they asked for money from anybody. They often used to wander for miles along the endless noisy streets, for Tabby had a curious instinct for always finding out her way, so that they rarely lost themselves, or failed to be able when they wanted to return home.

But this morning they had only walked along a couple of streets when Tabby stopped and said she thought she would like to sit down somewhere.

"I don't seem to ha' got no breath somehow," she said. "Ain't it queer?"

"I wish I could get you something nice and hot," Janet said anxiously. "That would do you good—wouldn't it? Suppose you sit down for a bit, and I'll go on alone."

"Well, I think I'll have to," answered Tabby.

So she sat down on a doorstep, and Janet left her there for half an hour, and at the end of that time came back with a bright face.

"I've got threepence," she said. "Aren't I lucky? A woman gave me twopence, and a man threw me the other penny. Come along now. You can walk to the coffee-place at the corner, can't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Tabby.

So they went to the coffee-place at the corner, and Tabby got her cup of coffee, and looked as if she enjoyed it.

"I think that will do you good," said Janet, complacently watching her as she drank it.

"It 'ud do anybody good," answered Tabby. "Taste it."

So Janet took a modest sip, and pronounced it delicious.

"Take some more," said Tabby.

But Janet would not take any more. "You ought to have it all, you know," she said, "because you're not well. Do you think you'll be better now?"

"Oh, yes," said Tabby, "I'm a deal better. Come on. I think I can go anywhere now."

So they set off cheerfully from the coffee-stall, and walked away down the street, with pretty brisk steps at first; but before they had walked for a couple of minutes poor Tabby was panting again.

"It's just something catches me here. It's such a rum sort o' feeling," said Tabby, forced once more to stand still. "I feel so horrid sick too," she said after a few moments' silence.

There was nothing for it but to sit down again, and they sat down, this time both of them together, and stayed so, side by side, for a long time. It was early in the morning still, and not very many people were about. They sat without doing anything for perhaps an hour, only talking a little now and then, and by the hour's end Janet had begun to clasp her cold little hands about her neck, and to beat upon the pavement with her feet to try and keep them warm. It was a damp and chill December day, not the kind of day that anybody would choose willingly for sitting upon doorsteps.

"I wonder if you could get on a little bit now?" she said at last. "Do you think you could get as far as the carpenter's yard? It would be so nice and warm there."

"Oh yes, I can get on," answered Tabby, bluntly; and she rose up, and they went to the yard; but when they got there her little limbs were trembling under her, and her face was white to her lips.

They sat down together on one of the heaps of wood, and Janet stayed for a little while, and then went away by herself and begged, and towards the middle of the day she returned with a half-anxious, half-hopeful face. She had brought a little loaf with her, and some pieces of cold fried fish.

"Look, Tabby!" she said. "I got this from the shop in Albion Street, you know, where there's the nice woman. I went in to buy the bread, and then — what do you think I did? — I asked her if she would give me something for a little girl that was ill, and she gave me all this lovely fish. Just think!" cried Janet, quite flushed with pride at the brilliancy of her success.

"Well, it looks good," said Tabby, regarding the pieces of fish with a critical eye. "I ain't hungry, but it looks good —

and it smells good too — no, I don't want no bread," she said, pushing back the piece that Janet offered her. "I only wants a bit o' fish. What a pity I ain't hungry! Wouldn't it be a prime dinner if I was!"

She took up a piece of fish and began to eat it. She ate two or three mouthfuls slowly, and then put it down.

"I don't want no more," she said abruptly.

"Oh, Tabby," cried Janet anxiously, "don't you like it?"

"Oh, yes, I likes it," said Tabby. "It's beautiful fish. Only I ain't hungry."

"Do you — do you feel your chest so *very* bad?" asked Janet with a wistful face.

"No, it ain't particular bad," answered Tabby in an indifferent way. "It ain't no better, and it ain't no worse. Oh, it don't signify — I'm right enough," she said almost irritably.

And then Janet finished her dinner in silence, and put the fish that Tabby had not eaten into her pocket.

"It'll keep till supper-time. I daresay you'll like it for supper," she said.

"Oh, yes, I daresay I'll like it for supper," Tabby answered wearily.

She had leant her head back against some piled-up planks of wood; she seemed so tired that Janet said something to her presently about going to sleep.

"I've been a-trying that dodge already," answered Tabby, "but somehow I gets caught up. Seems as if the bellows wouldn't go right."

"What bellows?" asked Janet, opening her eyes.

"Oh, them bellows inside you. That's what stops me. I can't lie down, and I can't sit up — not to feel comfortable, you know."

"Tabby, I think if you would go home and go to bed —"

"Oh, I'll go home soon enough. Don't bother," said Tabby.

They stayed in the yard till it was growing dusk, and then they walked slowly back along the streets by which they had come. As they went Tabby tried more than once to talk in her usual bold reckless way. You see, one of the few heroic things in this poor little desolate creature was her contempt for pain, and her bravery when she had to bear it. She could not endure to break down under it, as a child more tenderly brought up might have done, nor to allow herself to be conquered by it. By a kind of natural, half-savage instinct she fought against it,

and hardly — now or afterwards — would let it wring a cry from her.

She could scarcely, panting at every step, when they got back to the house, climb up the long staircase that led to their attic. She sat down when at last they had reached the room, with her lips quivering.

"Well, I guess I'm beat for to-night," she said.

"Perhaps you'll be better when you've had a sleep. Don't you think you'll be better to-morrow?" Janet asked eagerly, with her own face white, too, with fear.

"Oh, yes, I daresay I'll be better to-morrow," Tabby answered in a careless tone. "There ain't much wrong with me. You should see what *some* people's like after they've been pitched into. But I suppose I'd best go to bed, any way. No, I can't eat no supper," she said, with something almost like a shudder, as Janet produced the remnants of food that she had saved from their other meal.

So she went to bed, but when she had got there she could not sleep. Through the long night she only dozed a little at times. Her breathing was so difficult that she could not lie down, and she got fevered and restless as the weary hours went on. Late in the evening her mother came home, more sober than she often was, and stared as she saw the child sitting up with her heated cheeks.

"Why, what have you been a-doing with yourself?" she exclaimed, standing still as she looked at her, with the candle she had lighted in her hand.

"I ain't been a-doing nothing," replied Tabby shortly.

"Then why don't you lie down and go to sleep?" asked her mother.

"'Cause I can't," said Tabby. "I can't lie down. There's something broke."

"Something broke in the bedstead?" said her mother anxiously.

The child gave a curious laugh as the woman asked her this.

"No, it ain't in the bedstead; it's in me," she said.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed her mother. "You don't know what you're a-saying of. Lie down, I say, at once. You'd better, or I'll make you."

And then, perhaps because she was too ill to contend, Tabby tried to lie down. But she could not do it.

"It ain't no use. What's the use o' blowing me up about it? If I can't lie down, I can't," she said pettishly, and sat up again, with her head leaning back against the wall.

"Well, I don't know what trick you're up to," said her mother. And then she began to prepare herself to go to bed, as if she was going to take no more notice of the child; but, bad as she was, she was not quite so hard and bad that she could see her ill and in pain and not try to do anything at all for her. She went up to the bedside after a few minutes, and stood there looking at her.

"If you've took the fever, it'll be a nice to-do," she said presently.

"I ain't took no fever," replied Tabby sharply. "Fever! It ain't fever. It was that there candlestick you throwed at me."

"If you says that to any one else I'll give it you," cried her mother savagely.

"I ain't a-going to say it to no one," replied Tabby sullenly.

"I don't believe the candlestick did nothing to you. It ain't likely it should. It may p'raps have bruised you a bit. Let's see."

She uncovered the child's chest, and stood for a few moments looking at the dark marks upon it. Her tone had got a little subdued when she spoke again.

"It ain't nothing but a bruise. You'll be right enough in a day or two. Them bruises is sore sometimes, but they ain't nothing to signify. I've had 'em worse than that many a time. Just go to sleep now, and think no more about 'em."

"I'd like a drop o' water," said Tabby.

So her mother gave her some water, and then put the candle out and got into bed, and the long weary hours went on in silence while the child tried in vain to rest.

There was no going out next morning for Tabby; when morning came she was too ill even to attempt to rise. Janet got up, and looked at her with a frightened face.

"I don't know what's a-going to come to me," said Tabby, speaking still with that same painful catch in her voice. "I feel so queer all over. Shouldn't wonder I was a-going to die."

"Oh, Tabby!" cried Janet, with a great gasp of terror.

"Well, that's what I've been a-thinking, 'cause I can't breathe, you know, and when you can't breathe you has to die. It 'ud be rum — wouldn't it? But I don't know as I should mind," said Tabby carelessly. "I'd most as soon die, I think, as live to grow up and be like mother."

With her heart sinking within her Janet put on her clothes. When Tabby's mother got up she ventured to ask her if they ought not to get a doctor, but the woman

put her down angrily. Naturally she was afraid to send for a doctor, because if she had sent for one she knew that she should have to tell him how she had thrown the candlestick at the child.

"She don't want no doctor. She's just a bit feverish. Let her stop in bed, and she'll come right enough," she said.

So Tabby stopped in bed, and Janet went out alone to her usual wandering in the streets.

It seemed such a long, lonely, weary day to her. It was half ended before anybody gave her so much as a halfpenny: she was faint with hunger before she was able to buy her first morsel of bread. She did not dare to return home till she had got a little money to take back with her, and it was evening and quite dark before she got any money except the penny or two that she was obliged to spend in food. But at last she had three-pence in her pocket, and with that she went back to the house.

The room was all dark as she eagerly opened the door and went in.

"Tabby!" she called quickly as she stood on the threshold, and then Tabby's voice answered her.

"Oh, do come along and make a light. I've been a-looking for you such a time," she said.

Janet struck a match, and lighted a candle. Tabby was still sitting up in bed, as when she had left her, but the feverish color had left her cheeks now, and the thin little face was all white and drawn.

"Mother stopped in all the morning," she said to Janet, "but I ain't seen nobody this long while now. I thought you'd ha' been in before it was dark."

"I tried so to come sooner," said Janet, earnestly, "but I couldn't get anything. I've only got threepence now; but I couldn't stop any longer. I wanted so to get back. Tabby, do you think — do you think you're any better?" said the child with her wistful eyes.

"No," said Tabby shortly, "I ain't no better. I feels dreadful. I've been a-dreaming and a-talking nonsense, mother says, — a-going on like anything. I don't know nothing about it. Mother clapped a blister on my back, but la, what's the use o' blisters?" said Tabby contemptuously. "Blisters won't mend you when you're all wrong inside."

She was restlessly shifting her position in bed as she spoke; at every two or three words she caught her breath; the exertion of speaking brought the hot color back into her face.

The fire had gone out, but Janet lighted it again. There was a saucepan with some broth in it standing on the hob.

"Mother made that for me," said Tabby. "Only think! You may drink it up if you like, and I'll say I took it."

"Oh no, I couldn't do that," said Janet, quickly.

"What's to hinder you?" asked Tabby. "Nobody 'ud know if you didn't tell. Just you take it, and don't mind nothing."

But Janet would not take it.

"I'll keep till to-morrow. Perhaps you'll be better to-morrow. I've got a bit of bread for supper here," Janet said.

"I wish I could eat a bit o' bread again. But I don't think I shall eat no more suppers," said Tabby quietly.

There was something in the patience with which Tabby bore her suffering that made one think of a dumb animal. Not only now, but on from this time through other weary days and nights she lay on that uneasy bed of hers, never saying one complaining word, never exacting anything from the people round her, never expecting that anything should be done for her. "I know there's something broke," she always said; but she never said it as if she thought that any effort should be made to find out what was broken. The thing was done, and, being done, it never occurred to Tabby's simple, untaught, unreasoning mind that she could do anything else than bear it, just as any other hurt, helpless wild animal might. "They don't have doctors for the likes o' me," she said to Janet once. "Bless you, it wouldn't pay 'em. And the doctors — why, I've heard they kills more 'n they cures," said Tabby, shrewdly, thinking perhaps that on the whole she was well quit of them.

So the days went on, and nobody came to doctor Tabby. Once or twice her mother went to the dispensary, and asked for some medicine for her. The child had a bad chest, she said. She had fallen down when she was playing, and bruised herself. And so the dispensary doctor gave her some liniment to rub upon the bruises; but Tabby could not use it. She tried to let herself be rubbed once; but the pain it gave her almost made her faint. "I'd just as soon you ran a knife into me," she said. So they had to give it up, and day after day she lay in her bed, growing more and more ill and weak.

She liked during these weary days to have Janet with her. Her mother was a great deal kinder than usual to her, and nursed her and attended on her more than perhaps you might have thought she

would; but yet it was always Janet that Tabby liked to have beside her. "You'll let Janet stop in to-day, won't you, mother?" she would ask sometimes in the mornings, and if her mother had to go out herself, or if she was in a good humor, she would perhaps let Janet stay, and the two children would spend the sad, strange hours together. After the first day nothing was ever said again about Tabby trying to get up. Neither she herself, nor her mother, nor even Janet, ever thought that she was getting better.

They often used to sit for long times together talking, only it was Janet mostly who had to talk now; for Tabby could not. She used to tell Tabby over again the stories that she had already told her twenty times, about her happy life before her father died. One day when they were together Tabby said suddenly,—

"I wonder what your pa would 'a made o' me! But he wouldn't ha' tried to make nothing, I suppose. He'd ha' turned up his nose when he saw me, as if he'd smelt something bad."

"Oh no, he wouldn't," cried Janet, eagerly. "He never turned up his nose at anything. Oh, Tabby, if he'd known you he would have been so good to you."

"Would he?" said Tabby, wistfully.

"He was good to everybody. He was so fond of little children. All the children in the village liked him so."

"I think I'd p'raps ha' liked him too. But p'raps not. I'd like to ha' seen him, any way. There's no saying," said Tabby, and then became silent suddenly.

But she was always thinking about that old life of Janet's; it had got a curious hold upon her.

"P'raps I might ha' been good too if I'd been taught," she said one day abruptly. "I ain't as bad as some children is. I daresay you think there ain't none worse than me; but you're wrong. I ain't so very bad, Jenny," she repeated pathetically.

Sometimes—as if the thought of them troubled her—she would begin to talk of some of the naughty things that she had done.

"I can't see no harm in taking what nobody'll never miss," she would say; "but it ain't right to steal from them as ain't got much. I stole a sixpence once from a little boy in rags, and I've wished lots o' time I hadn't done it. I'd like to ha' seen that little boy again."

"When I took your shilling that day," she said another time, "I meant to run away with it at first; but I'm glad I didn't.

We wouldn't be a-sitting this way now if I had—would we? Ain't it funny?—the way things turns out. But you and me will never go about together now no more."

"Oh, Tabby, don't say that!" exclaimed Janet at this speech, and burst out crying. Once she said,—

"I wonder if them angels ever thinks o' such as me! It ain't likely, I suppose; only p'raps, if they was uncommon good and kind they might. I'd not like God to know nothing about me; but I think sometimes if there was a angel just to look after me a bit ——"

Poor little untaught, dying Tabby! I think that not the angels only, but God too, are very good and merciful to such as she was.

Tabby had kept her bed for ten days, suffering great pain, and growing gradually, but surely, weaker and weaker. Each day she was able to talk less to Janet; one day came at last when she could not talk any more. That day Janet had been for a long time in the streets. When she had left the house in the morning Tabby had been lying very quiet, and seeming to suffer less than usual. She was still lying quiet when she returned after some hours' absence; but she took no notice of Janet when she went up to her, and her mother, who was in the room, answered irritably when the child, in a startled way, asked if she was worse.

"Yes, I suppose she's worse," she said. "She don't seem to know what's a-going on. I can't do no more for her. She won't take nothing. I'm sure nobody need say I ain't done my best."

In a kind of uneasy, restless way she went to the bedside, and lifted the child up upon her pillow. She stooped over her when she had raised her, and called her by her name, but the familiar word seemed to arouse Tabby's attention only for a moment. Janet spoke to her too, but she made no answer.

Hour after hour in the cheerless, dim-lighted room, the woman and Janet sat together. Once or twice Tabby restlessly murmured a little to herself, but they never caught the words she said. When it was late in the evening the woman, who had been drinking, began to doze over the fire.

Janet had said to her once in an awed whisper, "Do you think she is dying?" The child had never seen death before but once. She asked her question trembling, and the woman answered it sullenly and fiercely.

"How can I tell?" she said. "You shut up, and mind your own business."

And then Janet had not spoken again. But when Tabby's mother began at last to nod over the fire, then Janet, with her heavy heart, stole to the bedside and knelt down there. She knelt for a long time, laying her head down sometimes on the pillow by the child's side, crying passionately in her sorrow. Over and over again she prayed in the simple words that rose up to her lips, "Oh God, forgive Tabby! Oh God, be good to Tabby!" Once she bent over her and kissed her. It was a long, close, clinging kiss, and Tabby, as if she felt the touch of the young lips and recognized it, opened her great dark eyes, and stared up in a startled way for a few moments, and then suddenly smiled.

It was the last smile that ever came upon the little dying face. An hour after that Tabby was lying white and still; and Janet, in her bed in the corner, had got her face turned to the wall, and was crying as if her heart would break.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT was she to do without Tabby? She went out into the streets when the morning came, and in all the great world of London round about her that day, I think there was no creature more desolate or friendless. She had had but one thing to lose, and she had lost it. She had had but one friend, and her friend was dead. For a little while she wandered up and down the dreary streets, and then she sat down on the doorstep of an empty house, and stayed there, hopeless and helpless, through the greater part of the long day.

She could not realize yet that her companion, her friend, her playfellow, was gone. It seemed to the child as if she was dreaming some terrible dream from which she must awake soon to see the keen little face still at her side, to hear the sharp little voice again in her ears that she knew so well. As she sat thinking through those sorrowful hours a host of things came back to her memory that Tabby had said and done — things that had seemed hardly worth remembering or noticing at the time, but that made her heart ache to think of now — little kindnesses that Tabby had shown to her — wistful words that the poor young lips had spoken. Perhaps she had done a hundred things in Janet's sight that she ought not to have done, or said a hundred — or a thousand — things that she never should have said; but all these faded back from Janet's memory now, and only the remem-

brance stayed of the good that she had done to her — of the love that the wild little heart had given her. She sat and thought of this, and sobbed passionately as she thought of it. "Oh, I wish I was dead, too!" she cried to herself, desolately, over and over again.

What was she to do? It seemed as if she had no choice except to return again when night came to the wretched home that she had left; and yet it was terrible to her to think of going back there now — it was terrible to her to think of living there alone with Tabby's mother. "I would rather sleep in the streets than go back," she thought. But yet when it grew dark she was frightened to think of sleeping in the streets.

It was a misty, still December night, not cold, but chill and cheerless. The house at whose door she had been sitting was in a quiet back street, and when the early evening closed in, the darkness and silence round her there made her feel afraid, and she rose up and instinctively went back to the busier and more lighted thoroughfares. She had eaten nothing since morning; but some kind person, touched by the tears upon her face, had spoken to her as she sat upon the doorstep, and given twopence to her, and she had this in her hand now. "I had better go and buy some bread," she thought to herself; for she was faint for want of food. So she went to a shop and bought a penny roll, and ate it as she walked along.

A clock struck six as she was eating it, and she said to herself, "The shops will be open for a long time yet. I'll stay out till they begin to shut." For she had been thinking of the night settling down over that sad room where Tabby lay dead, and the thought had made her shudder. How could she go back to it, and lie down there in the dark?

The light about her, the stir and life all round her, brought something like warmth back presently to the poor little childish heart. She tried after a time to begin to amuse herself with looking in at the shop-windows; she wandered along slowly, trying to take a feeble interest in the pretty things she saw. And so the minutes passed on, and another hour struck, and then another; and then here and there some shutters began to be put up. And at last gradually the street began to darken, and, sore at heart, and sick with anguish and terror, she turned her steps home.

She had a mile or so to walk. She had gone slowly for about half the way, still

lingering at the unshuttered windows that she passed, now and then stopping to beg that she might have some money to take back to Tabby's mother. First a woman and then a man had given a penny to her. "I should like to get one more," she thought to herself; and so she begged again from two or three people as they passed her; but they did not give her anything.

She had almost given up the hope of getting another penny, when, turning round from a window at which she had been looking in, she suddenly saw a gentleman dressed like a clergyman passing by, and she thought she would make one last effort to beg from him. So she ran after him quickly, and made her usual petition.

"Please, sir, give me a halfpenny," she said, in her little sad, thin voice, trotting along a step behind him.

He made no answer to her first appeal, and so then she spoke a second time.

"Please, sir, give me a halfpenny," she repeated wearily. And this time there was a tremor—almost a break—in the weak voice, and touched, perhaps, by the sound of it, the gentleman turned round.

He turned round, and—what face do you think it was that Janet saw? For the first wild moment as she looked up to it she could not believe her eyes; for a few moments her breath went from her.

"Janet!" exclaimed the gentleman.

At the sound of that voice, with a great cry the child burst into tears.

"I didn't know—oh, I didn't know!" she began piteously to sob, so cowed and crushed that even when she saw the kind eyes looking at her, her first impulse was to shrink from them, as if she expected, not kindness, but a blow.

But a pair of strong arms lifted her suddenly from the ground.

"My poor child—my poor child!" the familiar voice said again, with such a tone of pity in it that it pierced to the dreary, frightened heart; and with the burden taken from it at last—with all the weary wanderings at last ended—Janet was wildly sobbing the next moment under gas-lamps, and clasping both her hands tight round Dr. Jessop's neck.

It was a December night when Janet found her friend. It is summer-time again now, and the leaves are green on the trees she used to love, and the strawberries are ripening once more in the old garden where she used to gather them; and in the parlor at the rectory a little girl is sitting with a grave pale face and soft grey eyes, that

glance up sometimes, with perhaps a little look of longing in them, from the book before her to the open window where the sunshine and the breeze are coming in.

"My dear," Mrs. Jessop says, "you have got your sum still to do, you know."

"Oh, yes, I know," Janet answers quickly; and so does her sum, and then jumps gladly up.

There is the same little pony in the rectory stables that she used to ride a year ago; there are the same old people in the village; the same children, only grown a year older. Instead of one companion, Janet has all the young people of the rectory for her companions now; instead of one playfellow, a little troop of playfellows, with whom she rambles about the pleasant lanes and fields. And she is cared for, and loved, and happy, in the kind new home that is both old and new together, and that is dear from a hundred memories of the days that used to be. Yet, happy as she is, sometimes, when all the others are at play, that little face of hers looks sad and wistful still; and sometimes, when the glad voices of her new friends are in her ears, she thinks sorrowfully of one little pair of lips that are sealed forever, and longs for the sound of one voice that she will never hear again.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.
REMARKS ON MODERN WARFARE.

BY A MILITARY OFFICER.

IT may not be altogether unprofitable, even in these peaceful times (how long will they last?), to glance for a moment at modern warfare. It is not proposed to approach the subject technically; but simply to compare, from certain points of view, the warfare of the present with that of the past, and possibly to draw one or two conclusions from the comparison. There exists a certain class of theorists who hail every fresh invention for the slaughter of mankind with the remark: "I am delighted to hear of it; for the more horrible you make war, the sooner you will put an end to it."

Without stopping to question the correctness of this theory, let us proceed to inquire whether all the murderous science which has lately been expended on war has in reality succeeded in making it more horrible; and, if so, for whom? For in this question there are two classes to be considered—the soldier, and the civilian

whose country becomes the theatre of war.

Let us first consider the case of the soldier. As every one is aware, the chief feature in the military history of the past twenty years has been the vast improvements effected in firearms. We have passed, by successive stages, from smooth-bore muskets of short range, inaccurate firing, and slow loading, to rifles of long range, great accuracy, and rapid firing. In artillery the advance has been proportionate. Every one knows this, but everyone does not know that — strange though it may seem — the result of these improvements has been precisely the reverse of what was intended and what was anticipated; or, in other words, the proportion of killed and wounded was far greater with the old-fashioned weapons than it is at the present day. In proof of this the following facts, which are taken principally from a table in the history of the campaign in Bohemia in 1866, by Col. Cooke, R.E., may be quoted.

At the battle of Talavera (1809) the loss in killed and wounded was one-eighth of those engaged. At Austerlitz (1805) it was one-seventh. At Malplaquet (1709), at Prague (1759), and at Jena (1806) it was one-sixth. At Friedland (1807) and at Waterloo (1815) one-fifth. At Marengo (1800) it amounted to one-fourth. At Salamanca (1812) out of ninety thousand combatants thirty thousand were killed and wounded. At Borodino (1812) out of two hundred and fifty thousand, eighty thousand fell on the two sides. At Leipzig (1813) the French sustained a loss of one-third of their total effective. At Preussisch-Eylau (1807) fifty-five thousand were killed and wounded out of a combined total of one hundred and sixty thousand combatants, giving a loss of more than one-third; while at Zorndorf (1758), the most murderous battle which history records in modern times, out of eighty-two thousand Russian and Prussian troops engaged, thirty-two thousand eight hundred were stretched upon the field at the close of the day.

Let us now come to more recent times. The first great battle in which rifled firearms were used was Solferino (1859), and when the war broke out it was confidently predicted that the effects of the new weapon would be frightful; but the loss actually fell to one-eleventh of those engaged. At Königgrätz, where, in addition to rifled weapons, one side was armed with breechloaders, the actual loss was further diminished to one-fifteenth. Finally we

come to the last war, in which the proportions were, Worth one-eleventh, Gravelotte one-twelfth, and Sedan one-tenth. These figures may surprise many who, not unnaturally, imagined that improved weapons entailed increased slaughter. It is not intended to imply that battles are not still sanguinary, but it is incontestable that they are much less so than they were.

But it is not merely on the battle-field that the soldier's risk is now diminished, but throughout the whole campaign. Railways afford a more adequate supply of medical and other necessaries to the front, and a more rapid transfer of the sick and wounded to their permanent hospitals. The labors of the Geneva Society have materially conduced to the same end. Buildings and tents covered by the red cross are held to be sacred from fire; rules are laid down for the treatment of prisoners of war; explosive bullets are also forbidden; and to such a length has this spirit of mitigating the horrors of war extended that nothing but the *esprit de corps* of those who wield the lance has saved the "queen of weapons" from disestablishment. So much for the soldier in time of war. It only remains to remark that, if successful, he is rewarded and honored; if defeated, he obtains at least sympathy; and if wounded, a pension.

But how does the case stand for the civilian whose home happens to be situated in the theatre of war? What has been done for him? Absolutely nothing. The enormous area of country occupied by the vast numbers of men and horses which constitute modern armies, and the rapidity of their movements, combine to render their presence in an invaded country more than ever a national calamity; and the position of the unfortunate civilians, as a body, far from improving, becomes worse and worse. The non-combatant must stand by and see his house burnt, or turned into a barrack. His crops are trampled down, his orchards felled, his cattle slaughtered, his horses and waggons impressed, his very food requisitioned, and himself, family, and belongings turned destitute on the world. No surgeon is waiting to tend him if sick or, as not unfrequently happens, wounded. All the available care, energy, and attention of his government are concentrated on the army, while he must suffer unnoticed and uncared for. After the storm of war has passed, some inadequate charity, and some tardy compensation from the government which has been unable to defend

him, begins to flow in; but these are as mere raindrops in the vast desert of misery; and, indeed, what money, what gifts, what kindness can compensate him for such misfortunes? And the worst of it is that there is no remedy for him. So long as the possession of the capital or other large town is the great goal of the military race, so long must armies traverse the country to reach it. Thus we see that while everything is done to preserve the life, mitigate the sufferings, and supply the wants of the soldier, no thought is given to the civilian. In war everything must give way to military considerations, and every soldier's life is of definite value.

It has already been shown how the proportion of killed and wounded becomes less as science advances; and, as far as the light of history is shed on war, the diminution has indeed been great. We have seen how the slaughter at Zorndorf exceeded that of Sedan; and, according to history, Zorndorf was child's play to Cressy, where the French loss is stated to have been, in *killed* alone, eleven princes, one thousand two hundred knights, and thirty thousand men.* This again is exceeded at Cannæ, where, out of an army of eighty thousand Romans, fifty thousand were left on the field when the battle was over;* and, to take another instance from the same war, the battle of the Metaurus, where an army hastening to reinforce Hannibal was not merely defeated, but destroyed.

Truly war was butchery in those days! But why, the non-professional reader may ask, are battles less proportionately sanguinary than they were, in spite of modern improvements? Because every improvement made in weapons from the earliest recorded history of war has entailed corresponding alterations in tactics to meet it, and obviate, as far as possible, its effects. Instead of standing in massive columns, or in line with close ranks two and three deep, and reserving their fire until they could "see the whites of their enemy's eyes," troops now engage at longer distances, in loose order, and take advantage of whatever cover is to be found.

But it is not merely on the battle-field, as already observed, but throughout the campaign, that the soldier's life is now more jealously guarded. The noble efforts made by charitable societies have been mentioned; but other and far more pow-

erful agencies are at work to do more than mitigate, to prevent. The great social feature of the present day is "pace;" everything goes ahead, and armies must conform to this rapid order of things. Accordingly military operations and results which used to occupy years are now compressed into months; it might almost be said, weeks. The war of 1859 was declared by Austria on April 26; the first action, Montebello, was fought on May 19; and the war was finished at Solferino on July 24. In 1866 the Prussians virtually declared war by crossing the Austrian frontier on June 23, and in seven weeks the latter power was forced to come to terms at the very gates of her capital. Prussia received the French declaration of war on July 19, 1870. On September 2 France's last army in the field was destroyed at Sedan, and the last shots were fired on February 2, 1871. Here, then, we have at once an immense saving of life. The long delays, which meant, for the soldier, exposure to the weather and to sickness; the defective communications, entailing insufficient food; the slowly dragging campaign with all its privations and hardships—all these fertile sources of disease and death have vanished, or are vanishing. It is true that the French soldiers both in and out of Metz suffered terribly from want of proper food and supplies; but it must be remembered that their administration was exceptionally bad, and the very magnitude of their defects will prevent a repetition of them.

Let us, for comparison, take one or two instances from the wars of the first Napoleon. Here is the state of his army during the invasion of Russia in 1812, not after but *before* meeting the enemy otherwise in small skirmishes:—

From the want of magazines and the impossibility of conveying an adequate supply of provisions for so immense a host, disorders of every kind had accumulated in a frightful manner on the flanks and rear of the army. Neither bread nor spirits could be had; the flesh of overdriven animals and bad water constituted the sole subsistence of the soldiers . . . and before a great part of the army had even seen the enemy, it had undergone a loss greater than might have been expected from the most bloody campaign. When the stragglers and sick were added to the killed and wounded the total reached one hundred thousand.*

Again: Masséna entered Portugal in

* Kausler's "Ancient Battles."

* Alison's "History of Europe."

October 1810; spent weeks and weeks in futile examination of the lines of Torres Vedras; and recrossed into Spain on April 3, 1811, "having lost thirty thousand men by want, sickness, and the sword."* As the only action of any importance that occurred during the retreat was that of Barrosa, at which the French loss was under a thousand, the reader can estimate for himself what proportion of the total loss was due to "want and sickness."

These are but two instances out of many that might be quoted, but enough. Such protracted neglect and suffering would be impossible in these days, for the simple reason — if for no other — that the soldier is now much too expensive an article to be squandered in such a wholesale manner. Much, of course, remains to be done; but the attention which governments are now compelled to give to the subject, aided by the private efforts which the enthusiasm caused by the outbreak of war never fails to excite, will provide the necessary means and the power of properly applying them. The day seems to be approaching when the soldier of any country having any pretensions to be a military power may take the field, confident that, apart from the strain on his constitution arising from a short but arduous campaign, the only danger he will incur will be from his foeman's weapons. If he will only look back and compare his lot with that of his military ancestors he will think himself fortunate.

When we consider the position of the civilian, who may find his country the theatre of future wars, we wish we could think his prospects equally hopeful.

It would be useless to attempt to give statistics of the losses inflicted on a country which is overrun by an invading army. Suffice it to say that the agricultural losses alone sustained by France in 1870 — I have been estimated at *one hundred and seventy million pounds*. It would be difficult enough to ascertain the loss in worldly goods represented by this vast sum; but who could calculate its equivalent in sorrow, misery, starvation, disease, and death in all its various and most fearful shapes? We cannot help thinking that the sufferings of the civilian in war call more loudly for sympathy than those of the soldier; but, unfortunately, there is none to hear. As long as the civilian is merely an accessory in the picture of which the soldier is the foreground, so long must he suffer comparatively unnoticed. A dead soldier

is buried, a wounded one removed easily enough, their wants are soon provided for; but a ruined and devastated home cannot be restored, and its scattered inhabitants collected in any appreciable time, perhaps never. Sometimes, too, the unhappy civilian, goaded to madness at the miseries inflicted on him, seizes arms and joins with the fury of despair in the defence of his village or farmhouse, as at Bazeilles and Chateaudun, thereby giving to his enemies a fresh handle, which they never fail to use, for increased exactions and further severity. The brevity of modern campaigns, which have so materially benefited the soldier, produce no mitigation for the invaded country, for what is gained in time is lost in the numbers and rapidity of modern armies.

There seems to be absolutely no possibility of modifying the position of the inhabitants of an invaded country. All, then, that can be done is to confine the area of operations as much as possible; and we cannot help thinking that the tendency of modern warfare is in this direction — that nations will in future endeavor to fight their battles and finish their quarrels nearer to their frontiers than was formerly the case.

Time was when a country might be invaded and half of it overrun and occupied while the other half remained almost in ignorance; but we have changed all that. All parts of a civilized country are now so closely connected by commerce, travel, and intercommunication of every sort, intelligence is so rapidly and widely diffused, that when an invasion takes place every one knows, and what is more, every one feels. It has already been observed how terrible a visitation is the presence of a hostile army. Modern armies are not now small fractions of the population whence they are drawn; they represent, in fact are, whole nations in arms. After the battle of Sedan, notwithstanding the heavy losses she had suffered in the campaign, Germany had eight hundred thousand men on French soil. A comparison will give some idea of the vastness of this host. On October 16, 1813, there were assembled for the battle of Leipsic the military strength of three empires and three kingdoms, yet the total capitation of the forces was *less than one half* of the number above mentioned.

The national character of modern warfare being admitted, a result once established will generally be decisive for the war in which it occurs; and should be considered so, for national superiority is

* Alison's "History of Europe."

of a kind that cannot be gainsaid or set aside. Austria saw this in 1866, and accepted the hard and bitter truth in time to save herself. It would have been well for France had she done the same. The triumph of Germany in 1870 was no mere military triumph, but a national triumph, due to causes in accordance with which nations rise and fall. What France wanted after Sedan was a head clear enough to perceive this, and a hand strong enough to apply the only remedy, peace at any price. The writing was on the wall, traced in characters of blood and fire, but there was no one to read it. The only effect of her protracted resistance was to place her more and more at the mercy of the conqueror, and to prolong almost indefinitely the period that must elapse before she can renew the struggle.

The moral of this is, that nations should keep their armies on the principle of sudden expansion and mobilization, ready to throw every man, every horse, and every gun on the frontier, for there and there only should the battle be fought. And this is what is actually being done. The next war between two leading powers will probably see even the celerity of 1870 outstripped as regards preparation, and in the interests of the civilian it is to be hoped that the struggle may be fought at or near the frontier. Then, although the condition of those residing on the spot will be no better, the devastation will be confined to a smaller area. More than this it is at present impossible to hope for.

P. S. C.

From Temple Bar.

VISIT TO A SPANISH PRISON.

A SPANIARD, making his tour of inquiry through England, would glean no smattering at all of English national character from a visit to an English model prison. He would merely see law and order exhibited in their severest features, and the stolid rustic, the clever artisan, and the acute man of business reduced to machines for picking oakum to some purpose, or working on the treadmill for none. He would see the ploughman called, for the first time in his life, No. 1 and the fine gentleman No. 2; while the coarse prison dress, worn alike by one and all, would show him no difference between classes.

In Spain, however, where a certain wild freedom, a certain respect of persons, is mingled with excessive oppression and

tyranny, the case is far different. In a Spanish prison each inmate wears the dress in which he enters, which generally betokens his particular province, and certainly his station in life; he is called by his usual name, and he is free to do as he likes, whether his "like" be to work or to gamble, or to sleep the hours away.

Spanish prisons are of three kinds: first, the small house of detention, or lock-up, or *carcel*; secondly, the ordinary prison, or *carcel* proper, where those condemned to short terms of imprisonment, and those undergoing or awaiting trial, are kept; and, thirdly, the *presidio*, or prison of large size, under military law, where all those who have been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment are kept under strict watch and ward. In this last, the convicts, called *presidiarios*, work in chains, making government roads or renewing fortifications; some of these men are sentenced to as much as fifteen years of *presidio*. In the *presidio* the discipline is stricter; the clothes worn are generally prison garments; the inmates, from hard work and hard fare, lose much of their national characteristics, and, therefore, it is to a *carcel* proper, or ordinary jail, that I propose to make a visit with my readers.

The prison, which was formerly a convent, is a large, square stone building of three storeys, with the usual *patio*, or spacious courtyard, around which it is built, with its modest cloisters that offer a walk sheltered from the blazing sun. Two soldiers of the line kept guard, with fixed bayonets, outside, and the same number within; in the prison is, also, close to the door, a guardroom, where a party of six soldiers, and a *cabo*, or sergeant, were dozing, or writing on the sloping tables that form the Spanish soldiers' rude bedstead, and which are used both for writing and sleeping upon.

As we entered the quadrangle, which looked bright and clear enough, the following sight met our eyes: about thirty clean, smiling young fellows, each wearing his ordinary clothes, and many of whom were smoking their customary *cigarillos*, lounging about or leaning against the wall chatting gaily enough; there was the peasant, from the wilds of the *campo*, his colored handkerchief knotted round his head, denoting him probably to be a Valenciano or Manchego, that primitive head-gear being still adhered to in those provinces; the trim artisan, in his jacket and striped trousers; and many wearing no article of clothing save a fine flannel vest and white trousers, the day being intensely hot. Just

then a door opened, and two prisoners, called *bastoneros*—men who have a separate room, and a few little privileges ceded to them for their good conduct, popularity, and physical strength, on condition of their acting as the *prepostores* in a public school, and preserving a rude sort of discipline among their fellows—entered, bearing between them a huge caldron of *guisado* or stew. This they deposited upon the ground, and, without any pressing or confusion, each member of this batch of prisoners presented his wooden platter for his share of the breakfast. The quantity of this seemed to me greatly to exceed that of the food given for one meal in the civil or military prisons of England; but it must be remembered that the appetite of the Spaniard of the lower orders greatly exceeds that of an Englishman of the same class. The Spaniard drinks little but water, but the bulk of the succulent vegetables and fruit eaten by him is surprising; half a pound of bread, an ordinary soup-plate filled with stew, and a pound or two of grapes, would be no more than an average meal.

As regards quality, the mess of red pottage presented to the prisoners was very good. The mess consisted of gourds, flour, garvancos, tomatoes, and lumps of bacon stewed up together to something of the same consistence as old-fashioned English pease-pudding. When each man's platter was filled, one of the *bastoneros* brought in a dish of small square pieces of bacon, and meted out one or two pieces to each man. This is the usual custom of the peasantry. I have often been dining with the family circle of a fisherman or laborer, and when we had finished the stew the master would rise, with all possible gravity, bring the little pieces of boiled bacon and pork sausage in the stewing-jar, and carefully, beginning with his wife and daughter, mete out an equal share of these tidbits to us all. It offends the family much if, after eating the stew, you reject the little piece of bacon.

The daily scale of diet for the prisoners I ascertained to be as follows:—

Morning, at 11 A.M., stew or pottage as above described, the ingredients being varied from day to day. Of this the prisoner has invariably more than he can eat. Sometimes it is made with rice; sometimes with *fideos* or vermicelli. Water, *ad libitum*; bread, good, 18 oz.

Evening, at 5 P.M., *gazpacho*, i.e. lettuce, raw tomatoes, lumps of bread, raw onions sliced, floating in an ample quantity of oil, vinegar, and water.

But let it not be supposed that the bill of fare ends here. Each prisoner is allowed to be supplied by his relations with anything he may like in the way of food; and so at the grating of the Spanish prison one sees the dark-eyed, passionate, handsome girl giving to her unhappy caged lover half of her store of grapes, figs, or melons, or the careworn, tearful, grey-haired mother dealing out, on the same spot, morning after morning, all that, in justice to the rest of her hungry brood at home, she can spare from her basket of fruit and vegetables and bread for the one sheep of her flock who has gone astray. How often have I witnessed this sight, and heard from the mother's lips, "He is just as dear to me, for all that he has gone astray and is lost."

And so, although most of the inmates of this prison were of the lowest classes, yet about one in every five supplemented his stew with a bunch of white grapes (now July) just coming into season, or a small *sandia* or water-melon, and a cigarette.

As these poor fellows took away their platters and their bit of bacon each one said to us, "Have you breakfasted, sirs? If not, eat with us; the breakfast is regular (i.e. ordinarily good) to-day."

A little cluster of them were kneeling down, I observed, in a corner of the courtyard, and when I peered over their shoulder to see what was the attraction, to my surprise they were feeding two tiny sparrows, who, they told me, had fallen out of their nest into the courtyard, and were now the pets of the *patio*! Certainly this courtyard, with its smoking, chatting inmates, cutting their melons, petting their tiny birds, their gay sashes, and picturesque costumes, lit up by the bright sunlight, had very little of the prison look about it; and the gay laugh with which one of them addressed my companion, in whom he found an old friend, "Just a little affair of *borracheria* (drunkenness) brought me in here; I shall soon be out, and will pay you a visit," quite surprised me.

I found, however, that though there were many in the prison for grave offences, yet that they were only birds of passage, who, when sentenced, would be removed to the *presidio* to fulfil their several terms, the prisoners proper in this jail being only those whose sentences varied from one month to six.

From this *patio* we passed up-stairs, and investigated the upper storeys.

The sleeping-arrangements, etc., were

as follows: each room was twelve feet in height, twenty-four in breadth by twenty-four, and lighted by one largish window, barred, but without glass; the floors were simply bricked, the walls whitewashed; each prisoner brings his bed with him, and this *cama*, when transferred from the rude cottage to the prison, is called, in prison slang, *petati*, a word which originally meant a mat of fine cocoa-nut fibre; when a prisoner is taken, the first thing to be done by his family is to send him his rug, or *manta*, and his bed. These rooms are called the *dormitorios*, and ten prisoners inhabit each apartment, rolling up their beds (which are simply laid on the bricks, without any bedstead, to serve as a chair by day). No chairs of any sort, no movable furniture at all, save spoons and platters of wood, is allowed within the prison walls. Many of these poor fellows, I observed, retreated to their *dormitorio* to eat their breakfast; many had a little image or picture hung over their sleeping-place; some had a second suit of clothes, but not above four or five of the whole hundred and five prisoners.

A Spanish prisoner hates to be without his knife, and although they are searched if it is suspected that they have one on their person, yet now and then a knife is safely smuggled in, in the centre of a loaf of bread. Of course the aspect of the whole place is singularly bare and comfortless, but it appeared to me perfectly clean; there was no offensive smell even in the infirmary, and the closets were, for Spain, where any cleanliness in those regions is very rare, fairly clean and sweet.

These men are classed thus: in one place will be ten murderers, or slayers of men; in another, ten *transitarios*, or prisoners who are on their weary march to the *presidio*, and are halted for the night at the prison of any town where they may happen to find themselves, for these prisoners, be it remarked, are marched by civil guards from town to town, carrying their bed on their back, and so on.

All the inmates are allowed to walk about the cloisters of the especial storey to which they belong, and sometimes they all meet together in the lower *patio*, on days when they see their advocates. No prison dress of any sort is supplied; but should a man be a stranger, and penniless, the prison authorities supply him with a bed, such as it is, just sufficient to keep his bones from the bricks. In winter each man is allowed an extra rug. If any man has money on his person when taken, it is taken by the *alcaide*, or governor of the

prison, who enters the amount in a book, and from whom the prisoner can draw his money, at the rate of 10*d.* per diem, until all his store is exhausted.

Another liberty allowed to the prisoners is that of a separate apartment, which is yielded to any prisoner who can afford to "keep himself," or, as it is called, forego his rations. The rooms set aside for this purpose were perfectly bare, and untenanted just now; they seemed to differ from the others only in having a larger amount of light, and a good view of the busy street below. This license certainly seems like the exhibition of the refrain, "One law for the rich, and another for the poor;" and yet one almost shudders to think of the ribald and obscene talk which must deaden the ears of any one accustomed to a purer tone of conversation than is usual with the Spanish lowest classes. With them blasphemy, obscenity, and swearing have long since lost their pungency, and perhaps—let us hope it is so—their guiltiness, for constantly one meets with a really good and honest fellow among the lower classes, whose conversation is absolutely interlarded with oaths most awful, and obscenity most revolting.

I may here remark that no prisoner, of any sort or kind, may have wine or liquors brought to him under any pretext, except when ordered by the medical man.

The *enfermeria*, although somewhat dark, and, of course, comfortless enough, possessed six iron bedsteads, and comfortable bedding. It seemed well ventilated, the floor and walls clean, and the two men nurses kindly and intelligent. Only one man was there, who was suffering from inflammation of the lungs; a fine black-bearded, stalwart fellow he seemed, and very delighted with our visit. Although evidently in much suffering, when I expressed the hope that God would soon relieve his pain, he raised himself on one arm, and said, "A thousand thanks, and may you be spared bodily suffering."

The medical man receives as his salary £5 per month, and visits the prison daily; of course, out of that modest sum, he is not expected to pay for the drugs which he may see fit to order. The *alcaide*, or head-gaoler, receives £60 per annum, and a house within the prison walls for his wife and himself. He should, perhaps, be dignified by the title of "governor of the prison." The six or eight *llaveros*, or under-warders, receive £40 per annum, and rooms in the prison. We visited one, and found him and his wife really nice people. The chaplain visits twice a week:

VISIT TO A SPANISH PRISON.

once in the week, and once on Sundays. He holds a *misa* in the church once on Sunday, and on every feast-day, at which the prisoners attend, but rarely delivers any sermon. He also, I believe, receives a fixed salary. He also confesses those who desire it. Auricular confession however, is, I fancy, not very much in vogue among the class of persons who are found within these walls, although the Spanish peasant, instinctively true to the traditions of his forefathers, uses the phrase, "a man who never confesses," as a term of reproach. Thus, with the usual quaint humor of his class and race a Spanish peasant said to me, in reference to a pair of savage hawks which I kept, and which made an onslaught on his fingers to some purpose, "*No me gustan : hay una gente que no confiesa,*" *i.e.*, "I do not like them; they are a people who never confess."

Holy communion is also celebrated at stated times; but the communicants are few. The Church in Spain strictly enjoins confession and participation in the holy communion once a year, at least, as absolutely necessary, and bids the heads of houses see that their servants fulfil at least this infinitesimal part of their Christian duties. No one is forced to confess, nor would a Protestant, if imprisoned, be forced, I believe, to attend the public service.

We visited the kitchen, the judge's office, where the judge sits and examines the prisoner, who is presented at a grating in front of the judicial desk, looked in wonder at the mass of documents piled up on the shelves, and then visited the dormitory where the four worst cases were collected together. The warden said to me, "You shall now see four men who have bad papers; who have committed manslaughter or murder." I expected to see the villainous, low type of criminal character so common in England among those who commit such crimes, and was surprised when I walked in to see four cleanly-dressed, handsome, open-faced young fellows, two of them of enormous physical strength, who greeted me with a bright smile, accepted a cigar apiece very graciously, and asked if I would break my fast with them.

One of them, I believe, had killed a policeman; another had slain his fellow deliberately, and not in hot blood; a third, who surely had no place in such company, had been attacked by four men, and killed one in self-defence. They shook hands

with us on parting, and told me they were fairly comfortable.

All these offences were committed with the *navaja*, or clasp-knife.

Lastly, we visited the women's part of the house. Its accommodation was exactly the same as that of the men, namely, the four whitewashed walls, the brick floor, a stretch of cloisters, or empty rooms, in which to take their dreary daily walk, the usual little beds, now rolled up against the wall to serve for a seat. Around the walls sat five young women, decently but poorly dressed; one, a handsome, dark-browed Cordovese girl, from the Sierra, who seemed not more than nineteen years of age, and whose magnificent black hair, neatly braided, would have reached to her knees, had a pretty little babe of nine months old playing at her feet. Her offence was that of being an accomplice in horse-stealing, and as, of course, with Spanish honor, she would not betray her accomplices, she may have to suffer a long term of imprisonment.

According to Spanish law, or custom (which latter prevails more in this country), a mother may have with her in prison a baby at the breast, a good and wise regulation, we think, in a country like Spain.

The employment of these five women was sewing. The men did absolutely nothing, except four or five who took in a daily paper, and coaxed in a dreamy way its uneventful details, and other few who knitted stockings.

One of the women was knitting a pair of garters—a useful article in Spain, where the knife is always carried in the garter when carried by a woman!

The average age of the men seemed from twenty-one to thirty-one. The majority were in prison for stabbing and robbery; one for forgery, one for rape, none for arson, fifteen or twenty for *escándalos*, *i.e.*, disturbances; and about as many for drunkenness.

Among the curious customs prevalent in these prisons are the following:—

Supposing a gentleman's coachman be imprisoned for a trifling offence, say drunkenness, and his master requires his services to take his family into the *campo* for an airing, he is in such a case allowed to go out for the day, his master becoming personally responsible for his coachman's reappearance.

Another curious custom is, that on Thursday and Friday in Holy Week a table is placed in the street beneath the

prison windows, whereon the passers-by place their offerings of copper, silver, or gold for the use of the prisoners who have no money. This is collected, at sundown, by a warden, and is distributed equally among the poor of the prison.

A tax, also, is levied on the sellers of cattle in some places, namely, the heads of all the beasts killed to be boiled down into soup for the prison stews. In the prison of which I write this was the case. I ascertained that out of the hundred prisoners only about eighteen could read or write, or both. The faces of the prisoners, as a rule, struck me as not of a villainous type, but expressive of that uneducated, religionless phase of character so common, alas! to the Spanish poor, which they themselves describe as *bruto*, *i.e.*, very animal.

The cost of each prisoner, ordinarily, to the *ayuntamiento* of the town is 5d. per diem; in the infirmary, wine and *caldo* (thin soup) are allowed when prescribed by the medical man.

There is in each prison a room for the executioner, called *el cuartel de berdugo*; the hangman is called *verdugo*; the condemned man, *el reo*; the hangman's rope, *la blanca*; to go to execution, in prison slang, *andar à la blanca*; to be on the point of execution, *amarrado en la blanca* (tied in the white rope). Hanging, however, although it has been resorted to in other days, has given place to the *garrote*, or strangling, which is the method of execution still in vogue where capital punishment is resorted to. The operation is as follows: the *garrote* is an iron collar of great strength, with a screw of enormous power of compression at the back; one turn of this breaks the vertebra of the spine, just below the head, and causes instantaneous death. The *reo*, or condemned person, is bound by a chain round the waist, and placed for a day in front of the altarpiece of the prison chapel for prayer and reflection, a priest visiting him from time to time; he is then conducted, probably, to the very spot where he committed the crime for which he is to suffer, if it be in the town, or, if not, to some *plaza* in the town, perhaps to the market-square; he is attended by a priest, who prays with him all the way, and earnestly beseeches him to confess all and relieve his conscience; in his shackled hands the *reo* carries an image of brass, the *Santo Cristo* or crucifix; he is then seated on and bound to a strong wooden seat like an armchair, the iron collar is adjusted, the screw put on, and, in a moment, the neck

is compressed into a mere elongated pulp, and the tongue and eyes loll out from the head. In some cases the body is left for some hours, in others it is removed at once. Capital punishment is not, however, as a general rule, inflicted. It is very difficult in this country, where manslaughter and murder tread so closely upon the heels of one another, where crime is so difficult of proof, and where life is set so little store by, to say when recourse should justly be had to such an extreme measure.

Two stories, one of which was on every one's lips some forty years since, the other, which is now much spoken of, shall here be recounted, ere we seek, in conclusion, to "gather honey from the weed," and glean some lessons of warning or example even from the barren courts of a Spanish prison.

Forty years ago a murderer was being taken out to execution in the precincts of the town of Sevilla; the priest preceded him, commanding his blood-stained soul to the mercy of that God against whom he had sinned so grievously; in his hands the prisoner carried the heavy brass image of his Redeemer. Just as they neared the *garrote* the man said to his confessor, "I have a last confession to make." The priest turned, and, throwing the ample folds of his black canonicals over his own and the man's head, approached his ear to the murderer's lips; in a moment the man raised up the crucifix, and absolutely cleft the skull of his innocent confessor with one arm of the cross, and he fell dead. The prisoner got but one day's respite by this awful device, saying, "*Uno dia de vida, es vida*" (One day of life is life, at any rate). Of that higher life which, even at the last hour, he might, through his Creator's mercy in Christ have won his share, if but a little share, this fellow evidently either knew nothing, or thought nothing; and, indeed, we fear that even now thousands are sunk in utter hopelessness, utter indifference to the world and life to come; to smile, and love, and eat, and quarrel; to risk life, and to take away life; such, too often, is the picture, only too fearfully true, of the Spaniard of the lower orders.

The other story is of a different kind.

But a few days since, in a town of Catalonia, two men were led out to be garroted. They had, probably, murdered a civil guard or a policeman, offences which are still, as a rule, visited with death in Spain. The executioner despatched one, and was proceeding to fit the iron collar to the throat of the other, when he found, on try-

ing to turn the screw, that, owing to some peculiar malformation of the neck, the instrument would not work. The wretched prisoner was in intense agony for as much as thirty minutes, when the executioner took the collar from the dead man, and endeavored to make it perform its work on the other. In this, however, he failed; and the wretched man was taken back, alive, although badly hurt, to the prison. A telegram, asking for instructions, was sent to the government at Madrid; and, with characteristic generosity, King Alfonso at once telegraphed back a remittal of the sentence.

It may be said that we have learnt but little in our visit to the prisons of Spain. The sight of a host of one's fellow-creatures herded together, with no employment save talking, gambling, making stockings, and smoking, is a pitiable one; but if it makes us value more the elements of usefulness in our prisons at home — the work done by the prisoners — the instruction offered them, secular and religious — the privacy, which at least prevents the exceeding contamination which must ensue on the herding together of a host of human beings of the lowest tastes and habits, without any ennobling influence; if it makes us value the law and order, the strict meting out of justice to poor and rich alike, without partiality or respect of persons; if it makes us cling firmly to the institutions of our own country, then, I think, our visit to a Spanish prison will have taught us one good lesson at least — to be thankful for our own enlightened administration at home.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE "VENUS" OF QUINIPILY.

"Quant à la figure, jamais je ne parviendrai à exprimer son caractère étrange." — *La Vénus d'Ille.*

PROSPER MERIMEE, in one of the most striking of his very charming short stories — that from which we have made our quotation — tells how a statue of Venus, supposed to be an antique, was dug up in the grounds of a French antiquary, and how, being offended, she instantly avenged herself, and afterwards compassed the death of an unwary youth who had placed a ring on her bronze finger on the eve of his marriage. The story is weird and unnatural, and it haunts the memory; for years after reading it I had somehow connected it with the famous statue of Quinipily, near Baud, in Brittany, although the

scene of "*La Vénus d' Ille*" is laid at the foot of the eastern Pyrenees.

It may be that the statue of Baud created for Mérimée this strange fantastic story, although in his notice of the idol he denies its claim to antiquity; but when, some years after reading "*La Vénus d' Ille*," I met with an account of the "Venus" of Quinipily, the Breton statue became to me something which I longed to see, and yet something from which I shrank with a vague dread; and when, some months since, the longed-for opportunity arrived, my expectation was at its height.

We were so shaken by an hour-and-a-half's drive from St. Nicholas in a cart without springs that, as the little town of Baud seemed to offer no inducement to explore it, we rested at the inn, the Chapeau Rouge, before setting out to see the statue. The inn seemed to be kept by a father and daughter; the latter waited on us, and expressed much disappointment when she heard that we could not stay the night.

"Ah," she shook her head and looked very melancholy, "it is so with travellers; they miss much that they should see. Ah, it is a pity not to stay. If Monsieur saw us on Sunday, he would find plenty to fill his sketch-book with; no need to go to St. Nicodème for that; our dresses are something to see as we come out of church; we have velvet so wide," measuring about three inches off her finger, "on our skirts."

Her working-dress was very quaint, the broad lappets of her flat muslin cap being pinned across the back of her head so as to give the appearance of a white pyramid. Her black cloth dress had the square opening of the body filled as usual by a white muslin kerchief, but the sleeves were very graceful — unlike any we had seen in Brittany — wide and open at the wrist, with loose white undersleeves.

She was very *piquante*-looking — much fairer than any Bretonne we had met with. She said that though her life had been passed at Baud, and though St. Nicholas was the next station, she had never seen the Pardon of St. Nicodème. "But then," she gave a deep sigh, "we are five kilometres from the station."

She fetched a dark-eyed little boy to guide us to the statue; and certainly we should not have found the way easily without him. Leaving the high-road, we went across a field of sweet-scented clover, and then through a plot of buckwheat, covered with delicate white flowers, trem-

bling on their scarlet stalks. Spreading chestnut-trees rose up out of the hedges, giving grateful shade, for the sun was still hot, and we were glad to reach a lofty wood clothing the side of a steep hill. The path through the trees is cut on the side of this hill, and we saw the high-road at some distance below through the trunks of the trees. These are planted so closely, and are so tall and overshadowing, that there is a dim mysterious light in the wood in keeping with the strange relic of pagan superstition to which the path leads. Blocks of moss-stained granite show here and there among the trees — brambles and furze border the winding, uneven path, which takes its way now up-hill, now down-hill, between the tall dark trees. It is a singularly lonely and romantic walk. Here and there, where the trees opened, the golden afternoon sunshine streamed through, lighting up the grey-green trunks, and glowing on the crimson arms of brambles as they lay, seemingly idle, but really strangling the seeded gorse.

About half-way through the wood is a large rock, clothed with moss and brambles. A niche has been carved in the granite, and in it is a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Little steps cut on one side lead to a turfed resting-place above, and from here one sees the dark forest of Caiors beyond the trees of the wood.

We had seen at St. Nicholas the hill of Castennec on the opposite side of the Blavet, and had learned that anciently it was occupied by the Roman station of Sulis. On this hill, near the farm La Garde (now Courarde), once stood the mysterious statue we were going to see. There is no precise information to be gathered about its origin. Some authorities say it is Egyptian, some Gallic or Roman, others say that it only dates back to the sixteenth century. So much, however, is certainty — that it was called La Courade, or La Gward, and that it was looked on with great reverence, and assiduously worshipped by the peasantry till the end of the seventeenth century. Offerings were made to it, the sick "touched" it in order to be cured of diseases, women after the birth of a child bathed in the large granite basin at its foot, and various pagan and foul rites were enacted before it.

The clergy at last interfered to stop this heathen worship; they besought Claude, Count of Lannion, to destroy the statue of La Courade, and the count caused the idol to be taken from its pedestal, and thrown down from the hill of Castennec

into the river below; but this dethronement of their goddess enraged the peasantry, and when, soon after, abundant rain set in, and destroyed their harvest, they looked on this as a token of the anger of their insulted idol. They assembled in great numbers, drew the statue from the bottom of the river, dragged it up the hill again, and set it triumphantly in its ancient place. According to Monsieur Fouquet of Vannes, La Courade was thrown twice into the Blavet; the second time by Count Claude, in 1671, and on this occasion her bosom and one arm were mutilated. The peasants continued to worship her after her second restoration till 1696, and then Charles Rosmadec, Bishop of Vannes, resolved to stamp out this degrading paganism from his diocese. He called on Peter, Count of Lannion, son of Claude, to break up and utterly destroy the image of La Courade.

Now, although Count Peter was an obedient son of the Church, he was an intellectual man, and an antiquary also, and he could not bring himself to destroy this singular relic of the superstition of so many ages. He therefore decided on removing the statue and its granite basin to the courtyard of his own château of Quinipily, and we are told it took forty yoke of oxen to drag the huge mass of granite from Castennec to the château. More than once during its passage the soldiers came to blows with the peasants, furious at the loss of their idol.

The nature of the worship paid to La Courade seems to have deceived Count Peter into the belief that the image was a Roman Venus; he therefore caused it to be placed above a fountain with these inscriptions on the four sides of its lofty pedestal: —

Veneri Victrici vota C. I. C.

C. Cæsar Gallia tota subacta dictatoris nomine inde capto ad Britanniam transgressus, non seipsum tantum sed patriam victor coronavit.

Venus, Armoricanum oraculum, duce Julio C. C. Claudio Marcello et L. Cornelio Lentulo, coss. ab. v. c. DCCV.

P. Comes de Lannion paganorum hoc numen populis hoc usque venerabile superstitioni eripuit, idemque hoc in loco jussit collari anno domini 1696.

The château of Quinipily has disappeared. There is now only a farm; and passing by this, we caught a glimpse of the statue among the trees.

We went through a gate, and soon reached a stone fountain, overgrown with long red brambles and clinging green

sprays. In front of this fountain was a huge oblong granite basin, curved at one end, the dark water within almost choked by an overgrowth of small starlike yellow flowers. On a tall pedestal rising above the fountain and surrounded by shadowing apple-trees was the statue. Even without its weird history there is something strange and uncanny in this huge misshapen figure—a large uncouth grey woman, about seven feet high. A sort of stole passes round her neck, and falls on each side nearly to the knees. Round her head is a fillet, and on this, above the forehead, are the three large distinct letters I I T, which are such a puzzle to French antiquaries. The arms are too thin for the body, and are folded, the hands placed one on the other. The sculpture is as rough and coarse as possible, the body is large and uncouth, the bust flattened, and the eyes, nose, and mouth are exactly like those of Egyptian idols; the fingers and toes are indicated by mere lines, and the legs are scarcely relieved from the rough granite block.

I confess that I felt a certain awe in the contemplation of this ugly shapeless idol, and there is certainly a malicious inscrutable expression in her face. She looks a fit emblem of dark pagan worship.

We climbed up to the top of the high bank against which the fountain stands and went some little way back. The idol loomed through the trees in gigantic weirdness; she was far more impressive from this distance. It appears that Count Peter caused her to be rechiselled before he set her up at Quinipily, "*pour lui ôter*," says Monsieur Fouquet, "*ce qu'elle avait d'indécent dans la forme.*" It is possible that the letters I I T may have been sculptured at that time, also the stole which now partially clothes her figure. It is this rechiselling which puts the antiquaries at fault, for there has been a fierce war among them about La Courade. Monsieur de Penhouët says she is the work of Moorish soldiers in the Roman army, but we thought she looked like an Egyptian idol. Certainly she never could have been meant to represent Venus, she is too uncouth and disproportioned.

Farther on, behind the statue, we came to another ruined fountain, from which a tiny thread of water trickles silently through the grass. This fountain is dank with huge coarse weeds and embraced by boisterous rampant brambles, its dark water choked by fallen sprays and decaying leaves; a gamut of exquisite color from tawniest brown to cold sage, lay on

or beneath the water; the desolation was complete; there was no link to connect the place with those who must once have lived and died in the old château, and as we turned away from the damp mouldering fountain, through the veil of apple-trees, in front of us loomed the grey pagan idol with its misshapen limbs, its mocking smile seeming to assert sway over the wilderness.

The light was growing grey and subdued. An hour later we felt it would be more in harmony with this place, which seems a fitter haunt for bats and owls, and for the ivy and dark weeds near the fountains than for the glow in which we saw it on arriving, the golden starlike flowers opening their tiny hearts to the sunshine, and the rosy apples moving gently on their grey-green boughs above the yellow grass.

One of my companions stayed behind to sketch the statue, another to pelt her with the apples that lay strewn among the grass. I gravely warned him of the consequences of insulting an idol, but he only laughed, and I walked back through the lovely, lonely wood.

All at once I heard a loud barking, and looking down to the road so far below me, through the trunks and branches of the trees on this steep hill, I saw a huge yellow-and-white dog leaping and springing from one rocky projection to another.

He was evidently coming up towards me, and he barked so angrily that I felt terror-struck. I stood still, so did the dog—"This comes of insulting an idol" I thought—and then on he came looking so savage that I called out for help, though I feared my voice would scarcely reach my companions. My raised parasol made the creature stop again, but he was so near me I felt he must fly at me in another minute. It was a great relief to hear the shouts of one of my companions, who as soon as he came in sight flung a stone, and the dog ran howling down the hill as fast as he had come up. This may serve as a warning to travellers not to irritate the ungainly stone woman of Quinipily lest she send her familiar in the shape of a yellow dog to punish the insult.

We had dismissed our little guide, and found our way home through an apple-orchard, the level light gilding the lichen on the old gnarled trunks of the trees. Presently there came towards us from among the trees a man wheeling a barrow, followed by two quaint brown children. One child had a dark blue frock; the man and the other child were clothed in low-

toned grey and brown, with some relief in white. The little group, with its sweet background, looked like an animated "Walker," and we longed to ask them to stop to be sketched in the tender fading light that was so in harmony with them; but they were going home to supper, and were soon out of sight among the trees.

The dinner at the Chapeau Rouge was a pleasant surprise, being far more elaborate and better-served than many meals we had had in more pretentious inns. It seems to be a comfortable little resting-place for weary travellers, and we were sorry we had decided to go on to Pontivy. The country all round Baud is very lovely and full of variety. Besides the parish church there is a chapel, also a fountain dedicated to *Notre Dame de la Clarté*, and celebrated for the cures worked on eye-diseases. Those curious little crystals called *staurotides* which break in the form of a cross are found at Baud.

Nearer the Blavet, not far from Baud to the northwest, is the chapel of St. Adrien; there are two fountains within and one without the curious little building, and they are all three believed to work wonderful cures on sick people. When the water fails to effect the desired miracle the patient rubs himself with round stones placed on the edge of the fountain. In extreme cases when the patient is too ill to walk to the fountain his shirt is taken instead and plunged into the water.

If the collar and cuffs float he is sure to recover, but if they sink he dies. This seems almost on a par with the ancient "touching" of La Courade.

The walk from Baud to Auray is very delightful, and Pluvigner makes a very pleasant halt. Near Camors, which lies between Pluvigner and Baud, are some remains of the foundations of Porhoët-er-Saleu, an ancient fortress once held by the wicked Comorre, Count of Léon in the sixth century, the Bluebeard husband of S. Tryphina.

The old town of Pontivy is full of narrow twisting streets; its new half — Napoléonville — dates only from the first empire, but it is empty and grass-grown. It is clean and airy, however, and full of soldiers, and the place is immense. A pine wood appears at one end above the houses. The church of Pontivy is only remarkable for eight curious statues at the west end.

But the castle is very fine and in excellent preservation. It is built on the side

of a hill not far from the Blavet. Two enormous flanking towers have high conical roofs; they are sunk in a fosse over which a bridge leads into the castle; all along the top of the curtain wall are quaint dormer windows. The original castle was of very ancient date, and fell into complete decay in the fourteenth century. A hundred years later Duke John de Rohan built this castle on the ruins of its predecessor as if he meant it to be a stronghold forever.

But it is no longer a fortress. Instead of soldiers, rosy-faced children go in and out through the frowning dark gateway. Sisters of the Charity of St. Louis keep a school within the old ivy-clothed walls.

Général le Normand de Lourval, who fell so bravely at Sebastopol, was a native of Pontivy; there is an inscription on the house in which he was born and his statue stands in the Place d'Armes. An English monk of Lindisfarne named S. Ivy, founded a monastery here in the seventh century, and the town grew up round its walls and took its name from the saint. All the old gates except one have disappeared. It is a pity there is not more in the town to detain the traveller, for the inn is very good and clean.

In the early morning a charming scene greeted us from our bedroom window. At one side was a small farmyard, — peacocks and turkeys strutting about, screaming and gobbling among the humbler ducks and fowls, on the other side were gardens filled with pear-trees and spreading shady fig-branches, and immediately opposite our window ran a pergola of vines, clematis and wisteria, foliage and blossoms mingled in wild luxuriance. The breakfast spread for us was one of the most tasteful we had seen in Brittany. Cherries glowing with color and yet cool with the freshness of morning dew; raspberries with frosted leaves; plums, golden pears, almonds, in their lovely green covering, little cakes of various shapes, were arranged in pretty little dishes on a long table with flowers at intervals, and the meat served, beginning with delicious lobster, was quite as good to the taste.

Our landlord had provided us with a very comfortable almost new carriage and a good horse, and we started in the quiet freshness of early morning for the Pardon of St. Nicodème, the cloudless sky and the brilliant sunshine promising that by midday the heat would be intense.

K. S. M.

From The Saturday Review.

POCKET-MONEY.

THE man who defined happiness as "having a nominal income of five thousand a year and a real one of ten" merely meant that he liked to have plenty of pocket-money. He had made the discovery that it is not in the spending of an income, however handsome, that real enjoyment is to be found, but in the possession of a large percentage over and above the fixed scale of yearly expenses. A shopkeeper with a steadily increasing trade may have more use of his money than some of his customers who are twenty times as rich. Our poor seem to imagine that all lords go about with their purses full of bank-notes of large amount, with which they could light their cigars if it so pleased them, without suffering even temporary inconvenience. They would not give credence to such a fact as that some time ago, when one of our most wealthy young noblemen came of age after a long minority, he felt almost like a younger son. The vast accumulations of the estate had been invested to the last penny in improvements, which although they eventually added enormously to his rent-roll, left him for the time being practically without pocket-money. He could of course borrow to any amount, but the mere notion of such a thing was too ridiculous. In some way or other the greater number of our aristocracy allow themselves to be so burdened with permanent expenses that they are not able, even if they were willing, to do the great public services which might well be expected from them. Those of our middle classes, too, who have fixed incomes very rarely so apportion them as to leave a sufficient margin for the extras which make all the difference between being able to enjoy life, and spending it in the endless drudgery of trying to make ends meet.

Women, as a rule, suffer a good deal from want of pocket-money. Young men send in their bills to their fathers, and have generally a sum wholly independent of necessary expenses to spend as they please, whilst their sisters have usually only an allowance for dress. In ordinary cases, and particularly where there are many girls of one family, this allowance is not one calculated to show any margin when the milliner's bill is paid. Miss Yonge lately spoke with regret of the ignorant young women who dabble in literature merely for the chance of earning a few pounds. She perhaps for a moment

forgot of how much importance even a few shillings may be to a person who finds it almost impossible to make her income cover her inevitable expenses. Girls are often subjected to painful humiliations when staying at friends' houses merely on account of this dearth of pocket-money. They are perhaps forced to allow gentlemen with whom they are only slightly acquainted to pay for cabs or for an admission to a picture-gallery or a flower-show. They suffer agonies from not being able to give tips to servants. But, worst of all, they lose that nice sensitiveness in money matters which ought to be most carefully nurtured, and which of late seems to have gone out of fashion. It is cruel and wicked of parents to permit their children to be placed in circumstances where they are tempted to put themselves under obligations to people from whom they have no right to receive them. A girl, out of ignorance and impecuniosity, may sometimes find herself placed in an equivocal position from which she does not feel able to get free; and cruel embarrassment may be caused because she had not a few shillings in her purse when she wanted them. As a rule, a married woman in the middle classes is not much better off than her unmarried sister in the matter of pocket-money, if she has not brought her husband any fortune, and if she is unhappily burdened with a conscience. She finds herself in possession of house-money and dress-money, and, being probably inexperienced in management, she finds it hard enough to keep within her allowance. She never feels as if she could call a few pounds her own, and is thus deprived of many small pleasures, and even necessities, which her husband would never dream of refusing to himself. This is one of the reasons why ladies' clubs are not at present likely to become very numerous. Clubs presuppose a certain amount of pocket-money which a woman has not hitherto been supposed to require. A man would feel that life was not worth having if he had to account for every cab, cigar, or brandy and soda; but a lady who is obliged to balance her weekly books would have to chronicle the small beer she gave to a friend at lunch, and all her afternoon cups of tea. She might, however, take refuge in the convenient item of "sundries," which fill an important place in most female account-books. Being obliged to do without pocket-money, and to empty the hitherto fairly abundant half-crowns into the family purse, is the real trial of a young man's life when he

marries on the same income which he has hitherto spent on himself. He must remain very much in love with wife and home if he does not sometimes regret the jingle of the sovereigns in his pocket which were not mortgaged to house-rent or servants' wages. It will be well if he always remembers that he cannot both have his cake and eat it. This is the impossibility aimed at by many of our artisans. They encumber themselves with a wife and countless children, and then feel aggrieved if they cannot have as much money to spend on beer, tobacco, and music-halls as their single comrades.

It is provoking to get behind the scenes in a household where the income is amply sufficient if it was only sensibly apportioned, but where every one is made miserable by the constant screw that has to be kept on incidental expenses. The servants, the garden, the stable, swallow up everything. There is no margin left. One of the girls has a fine voice, but it is uncultivated; another draws cleverly, but has not learnt perspective. Lessons would cost too much, so Lucy must go on singing through her teeth, and Maude doing sketches out of drawing. Perhaps another of the family becomes hopelessly ill from want of proper medical advice. Books, pictures, travelling-expenses, and all the little et ceteras which add flavor to life, are done without. No one is able to indulge any little harmless fancy or generous impulse. The mother's life is spent in trying to make every pound do the work of two, and her husband's in grumbling at the impossibility of keeping a balance at his banker's. It never seems to occur to them that, by substituting a neat parlor-maid for the puffy butler, and by being contented with fruits and flowers in their season, they might get rid of most of their anxieties and make their children much happier. A hundred a year reserved for household pocket-money can confer a wonderful amount of pleasure. It will buy a new piano, give three people a nice little tour, or present a stained-glass window to the parish church, as their tastes may incline. It is dull work drawing cheques for the wages of servants who are only plagues and for the food which they spoil in the cooking. "Where much is there are many to consume it, and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?" The French understand this better than we do, and reserve a large portion of their income for their amusements, whether these consist in drinking *can sucre*, eating bonbons, or going to the theatre. We often spoil

our pleasures by not providing for them, and so turning them into extravagances. But this would not be the case if we laid aside money for the purpose of gratifying a legitimate taste, be it for lilies or "Lohengrin." Any one without a taste does not deserve to have pocket-money. He does not know its use. We mean the word in its widest sense, of course, by which it can be made to include hobbies, whether they take the direction of ragged schools or etchings. Children can scarcely be given an allowance too early, but it should not all be for pocket-money. They ought to be required to provide certain things out of it. This teaches them to distinguish between income and pocket-money. Many people, unfortunately, never learn the difference during a long life. Parents are very apt to forget that their boys require to be taught about the management of money as well as how to do fractions. They avoid speaking on the subject before them, which is generally a great mistake. Young men are often extravagant, entirely from ignorance of the value of money. They get into debt before they are aware of it, and have not moral courage to take means to extricate themselves. They treat the allowance which their father intends to cover all expenses entirely as pocket-money, with painful results to all parties concerned.

The enthusiastic affection displayed towards pattern old bachelors and fairy godmothers of the approved type is mainly, we fear, owing to the command of pocket-money which they take care to have. But without it they could not fill their places to their own or any one else's satisfaction. The happiness that they are able to give keeps them young, and planning surprise gifts fills up many a lonely hour. What glorious visits to the pantomime and the circus, the Crystal Palace or the seaside, the youngsters extract from their magic purses! What Christmas-trees and rocking-horses, kites and canary birds! It is they who supply crisp bank-notes instead of ormolu candlesticks for wedding-presents, it is they who help in outfits and buy long-desired watches. They have no children to tempt them to live in a style which they cannot afford. They keep themselves unencumbered with useless and unsatisfactory expenses. Many a young couple beginning life have it in their power to halve their anxieties and double their chances of being comfortable by so preparing their budget that mere everyday so-called necessities shall not swallow up the whole of their means. But they will

have the additional servant, or the diamond necklace, or the pair of horses, or the house in a fashionable street, which leaves them without the much more valuable item of pocket-money.

From The Academy.
NORWEGIAN DEEP-SEA EXPLORATIONS.

A NORWEGIAN deep-sea exploring expedition, equipped after the manner of the "Challenger," for a cruise of three summers, is about to set out from Bergen, the object being to examine the region of the sea-bed bounded by Norway, the Shetlands, Faroes, Iceland, the ice of east Greenland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen. When Prof. Mohn, director of the Meteorological Institute of Norway, was studying the temperature of these seas he became very conscious of the deficiency of knowledge of this great area, though its borders had to some extent been investigated by British, Swedish, German, and French expeditions. His colleague at the University of Christiania, Prof. Sars, had an equally strong conviction of the importance of biological research in this region, not only in the interests of science, but for the welfare of the country, so many of whose inhabitants earn their livelihood in these seas. Accordingly, both together presented a memoir to the minister of the interior in 1874, requesting the organization of an exploring expedition of the seas west of Norway. The proposal was warmly received by the minister, M. Vogt, and resulted in the voting of a sufficient sum for the outfit of the expedition by the Storting of 1875, and a second vote by that of 1876 for its maintenance during the succeeding year. Captain C. Wille, of the Norwegian navy, was sent to England to consult with Captain Nares (whom he had the good fortune to see the day before the Arctic expedition sailed), to procure instruments, and to arrange with the

authorities of the Admiralty for co-operation, in the matter of simultaneous observations, with the Arctic expedition. Later in the season Captain Wille returned to Bergen to find a suitable ship for the voyage, and on his recommendation the government hired the steamer "Voringen," of four hundred tons' burthen. During the past winter and spring the preparations for the voyage have been carried out so that the ship might sail on June 1. The scientific staff of the expedition is as follows, and sufficiently indicates the objects of the voyage: Prof. Sars, Dr. Danielson, and M. Fride (biology); Captain Wille (soundings, deep-sea temperatures, magnetic observations); M. Svendsen (chemistry); and Prof. Mohn (physics, sea-temperature, meteorology, and magnetism). Capt. Wille is in command of the ship; Lieut. M. Peterson is first-lieutenant, and Capt. Greig (the master) is second-lieutenant. The expedition will first call at Utvoer, a group of small islands at the mouth of the Sogne Fiord, where the locality is free from local attraction, in order to make the necessary magnetical base-observations; then, after testing the deep-sea gear in the calm water of the fiord, will put to sea and run along the deep coast channel extending from the Skagerrack, in order to find the mode in which this channel goes northward, and to explore the banks off the coast of Romsdal. She will then call at Christiansund to fill up with coal, and thence will steam westward to the "Lightning" channel between Shetland and the Faroes where the work of the "Porcupine" expedition will be extended in a northwesterly direction. After calling at Thors-havn she will proceed to examine the bank between Faroe and Iceland. At Reykjavik magnetic base-observations will again be made, and thence it is proposed to go west and northward of Iceland, and to run a line of soundings to the Norwegian coast north of Drontheim.

LAST year there were published in Japan two new daily, four weekly, and one monthly periodicals; one novel; one dictionary; one geography, grammar, and history combined; and a number of official statements, the latter actually bound in blue. The land of blue dragons takes now to blue books!

Athenæum.

NEWSPAPERS continue to multiply even in the most outlandish localities. We hear that "Corea has started a newspaper." It is styled "pious and official, and which all ought to read."

Athenæum.